

# Zion's Herald

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## Zion's Herald.

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## The Outlook.

Clara Barton has reached London on her way to America, but owing to telegrams received from the seat of disturbance in Turkey, she has decided to await new developments, ready to return and renew her work if necessary. Her presence in Armenia has been a resource and comfort to the stricken people. Should the outrages and wholesale slaughters be renewed, the services of this heroic and sympathetic woman would be indispensable.

In June last we made record of an earthquake in the northeast provinces of Japan, in which, it was estimated, 30,000 people perished. Reports now come to us that the same territory was ravaged last week by another destructive earthquake, destroying Rokugo and other towns in the vicinity. Thousands of persons are reported to have perished and many more are injured, while the damage to property is incalculable. On the day of the earthquake in the north, the south was swept by a typhoon which destroyed much property and many lives.

The Philippine Islands, a possession of Spain, are scarcely more content to remain under the control of the Cortes than in Cuba. A large number of the inhabitants are in rebellion against the federal authorities, and recently made an attack on the outposts of Manila, seizing several villages. In the affray a Spanish captain was killed and several privates were wounded. Blanco, the governor general, has ordered all his reinforcements to the scenes of disturbance. The rebel party is made up principally of natives or Indians, who have been goaded into rebellion by the severe treatment at the hands of certain Spanish secret societies.

The Russia wheat is a staple crop on which the people rely for bread and export. A short crop reduces them to great straits. Over a wide belt in the northern half of the empire the winter wheat is almost a total failure. The people will be obliged to make heavy demands on the general government to take them through to the next season. In the southern belt, along the Caspian and Baltic Seas, the prospect is brighter, the crop being above the average, but not up to the best. The spring-sown wheat is hardly better than the winter; in many parts of the north it is a failure, but with a fair average in the south. In the province of Taurida and along the coast of the Sea of Azoff, as also in the Caucasus and the Crimea, there is promise of a better yield. Confronted with these ugly facts about the harvests, the people of Russia will find the present an exceptionally hard year.

## A Prehistoric City

Report comes to us of the discovery, in the Euphrates Valley, of a prehistoric city buried a hundred feet below the sands of the desert. This city of Nipur, it is claimed, was in existence seven thousand years B. C. Nothing need surprise us in the vicinity of Babylon and Nineveh; what has already been found there lends probability to the most extravagant claims. This new find is not half so surprising as many other things that have been found. Babylon and Nineveh themselves were the great discoveries,

and we have reason to suppose the valley was covered with other cities and villages, only a small part of which have probably been unearthed. The claim of a city seven thousand years before the advent of Christ conflicts with the chronology of Archbishop Usher; but that is a matter of no special significance, as Usher is not one of the writers of the sacred books.

## Vermont's Verdict.

The election in the Green Mountain State is the first surprise of the campaign. Though a by-election, some importance was attached to it as indicating the direction of the tide on the silver question. Conservative estimates, in advance, gave the Republicans 20,000 plurality, while some optimistic partisans pushed the claim up to 25,000 or 30,000. The actual footings were a surprise even to the most hopeful. Grout, the Republican candidate for governor, received 53,329 votes against 14,513 for Jackson, the Democratic candidate—a Republican gain of 14,416, and a plurality of 38,816 for the sound money candidate. The Senate is solidly Republican and the House has but a small representation in favor of silver. This came, of course, because more Democrats voted the Republican than the Populist-Democratic ticket. The Green Mountain State spoke emphatically in favor of sound money and against "the pro-posals for repudiation, dishonor and debased public currency that have been so insidiously and at the same time so vigorously pressed upon the people."

## Formosa.

The great island of Formosa, belonging to Japan, is in straits and unrest. The floods in Niigata have reduced the rice crop, a staple product of the island, one-half, and the prefect has ordered that no rice be exported until the misery of the sufferers has been alleviated. The floods in the western parts of Toyama have inundated the country, covering over six thousand houses. Beyond these physical calamities is the chronic unrest of the people under the Japanese rule. A condition of rebellion has long existed, leading many to believe the Japanese government unable to command the situation. Unless order is restored within a reasonable period, it is well understood that other nations stand ready to seize the prize. No nation, even in the East, can be allowed long to remain at the helm without the capacity to command order and to perform the duties of regular government. To exercise these functions funds are indispensable, and to secure them the resources of the island would have to be given in pledge. And there will be another danger: The 100,000,000 yen pledged to a foreign government would have to be repaid, or, what is more likely, the island itself would be taken to meet the pledge.

## Constantinople.

Though disturbing causes yet remain, quiet has been restored in Constantinople. The police are hunting in their hiding-places the Armenians engaged in the late riot and searching for arms and explosives. But the people tread upon a volcano, whose fires may burst forth at any moment. The hope in the case is not in the resources of the Turkish government, but in the strong Powers which have assumed the responsibility of maintaining order. The recent horrible massacres of Kossim and Haskoi show that the Turkish government has neither the power nor the disposition to protect the lives and property of Armenians. The hope must henceforth lie in the action of the Great Powers. Prince Lobanoff, a leading Russian official, who has just died, appears to have been the evil genius in sympathy with the bloody tragedy in Armenia. His death seems to have set England free. The Mediterranean squadron has been ordered to Constantinople and placed under the control of Sir Philip Currie, who has authority to act in

dependently of the other Powers in case of any new emergency. Nobody can tell what is to happen. A revolution may be precipitated in a day, or the strong hand of power from outside may delay for a while yet the downfall of a decayed and crumbling empire.

## The Grand Army.

The Grand Army of the Republic assembled this year at St. Paul, Minnesota. The Auditorium, the largest hall in the city, was profusely decorated and filled with old soldiers. They are now almost exclusively gray-headed; the young blood of the war days has become old blood, from which the fever and excitement of the struggle have disappeared. Not much was done of general public interest. Gen. Ivan N. Walker, the commander-in-chief for the year, stepped upon the platform and read his annual address. He gave the total membership of the Grand Army as 385,406, of which 340,610 are in good standing and 42,511 are carried on the suspended list for non-payment of dues. This suspended list has been decreased the past year by 7,000. The gain has been, during the year by muster, 13,407. The total loss during the year was 11,406, of which 7,293 passed out by death, making an actual decrease in the total from last year of only 75 members. The new commander-in-chief, elected in place of Gen. Walker, is Col. Thaddeus Stevens Clarkson, of Omaha, Neb. The Colonel was born in 1840 at Gettysburg, Pa., a place which afterwards became famous as one of the great battle-fields of the civil war. He enlisted in 1861. He removed to Omaha in 1866, where he has served as department commander and on the national council of administration.

## The Labor Army.

Labor Day in Boston opened fair and comfortable, and the great army of working-men, belonging to the various crafts, turned out in force to parade the streets. Many of them were young men, and not a few of the companies presented specimens of strong and beautiful physical organisms. Labor forms the base of human society, and is the source of material wealth. Above all, labor furnishes an important part of man's education. In doing, he learns. The labor world is a great kindergarten in which man makes a beginning and feels his way up to higher departments of thought and action. What we learn in schools and colleges would be very incomplete without labor. He is not the favored man who is taken out of the ranks of labor and allowed to live in idleness; he is best provided who is well harnessed with his associates to take the great load of life. There are various stages in the work of life; the faithful worker in the lower one is pretty sure to be taken on to a higher plane. Labor, when thoughtfully pursued, insures physical and mental vigor and sound sense, which stand one in good stead for any position he may be called to fill. The strong and resolute men who lead the world come most frequently from the ranks of toil. In America the workingman has always found honor; from his company have come many men of mark in arts and arms. Jackson and Lincoln came from the ranks of the workmen. All honor to the men of the various crafts!

## The Gold Democrats.

To the sound-money element in the Democratic Party the outcome at Chicago was a deep disappointment. The convention was carried for principles contrary to the teachings of the founders and leaders. Free silver they regarded as a heresy opposed to truth and inimical to the best interests of the American people. To pay debts in such depreciated money they considered a fraud and a robbery. Though reluctant to bolt, they could not endure the folly perpetrated at Chicago. They long hesitated as to the proper course to be pursued, and in calling a convention fears were entertained that the response would not be cordial or full;

but to the meeting at Indianapolis last week delegates came from nearly every State in the Union, making a full and enthusiastic convention, with many distinguished men among the delegates. Gen. John M. Palmer called the convention to order, and ex-Gov. Flower of New York on taking the chair made a strong speech in opposition to what he characterized as the revolutionary and dangerous doctrines promulgated at Chicago. Distinguished men came from the North and South, and what was notable through the whole convention was the devotion and intensity of the speakers. There was nothing half-hearted in the meeting. Men came from a distance to express views they held with firmness and to aid in averting a peril to the country. There seemed to be no difference of opinion as to the propriety of putting a voting ticket in the field. General Palmer was first in thought of a majority for the head of the ticket, but he was reluctant to accept, and, in fact, did not yield until the last moment. He favored for that place Gen. Bragg of Wisconsin. The sentiment of the convention, however, crystallized about Gen. Palmer of Illinois and Gen. Buckner of Kentucky, and they were, accordingly, nominated, the former for the first and the latter for the second place on the ticket. The blue and the gray are thus united; the North and the South are harnessed in one team. Gen. Palmer has a noble record as a leader of the loyal forces in the civil war, and his running mate stood unflinchingly on the other side. Buckner is a West Pointer, who served in the Mexican War, and surrendered Fort Donelson with 15,000 men to Gen. Grant—the "unconditional surrender." At the close of the war Gen. Buckner was one of those who ceased to cherish the bitterness of the struggle, and served as one of the bearers at General Grant's funeral. Gen. Palmer, though Kentucky born, removed to Illinois in 1833 and became an eminent lawyer and political leader, for many years on the Republican side and later on the Democratic. In the war he became conspicuous as a soldier, and in 1859 was elected Governor of Illinois, and later U. S. Senator, which position he now holds. He is a man highly honored for his record and character.

## The Gold Platform.

The platform constructed by the sound-money Democrats at Indianapolis is characteristic and strong in its declaration of principles. Though the emphasis is placed on the financial plank, the convention made clear the points in which it differed from the views of the Republican Party, especially in regard to the tariff. The document opens with the enunciation of certain general principles which underlie the Democratic system. Then follows the declaration that "taxes should be imposed only for public purposes and not for private gain." The amount should be determined by the demands of the public service. The traditional statement that "tariff is to be for revenue only" is repeated. The attack on the Supreme Court and the President's use of the army to suppress disorder and riot is severely rebuked. "The Democratic Party ever has maintained and ever will maintain the supremacy of law, the independence of the judicial administration, and the inviolability of contracts and the obligations of all good citizens to resist every illegal trust, combination, or attempt against the just rights of property and the good order of society, in which are bound up the peace and happiness of our people." But the convention does not fail to put in a strong financial plank. It declares for gold as the principal money, with silver to be used in minor transactions, which insures practical though not absolute bimetallism. It declares for the gold standard as established by the legislation of 1854 and 1855, divorced from the government banking and currency issues. The convention asserted the necessity of an intelligent currency reform and commanded the patriotism and courage of President Cleveland.

## Our Contributors.

## WHAT IS IT? BUDDHISM.

Abel Stevens, LL. D.

In a late article in these columns was corrected, on a high East Indian authority (Sir Monier Williams), what he calls "a serious misconception" about the numerical pre-eminence of Buddhism among the "great religions" of the world. It is usually considered the greatest of them all, numerically, whereas, according to Sir Monier (confirmed by other similar authorities), "there are not more than 100,000,000 of real Buddhists in the world," while "Christianity, with its 430,000,000 to 450,000,000 of adherents, has now the numerical preponderance over all other religions." Confucianism is estimated as numerically next to Christianity; and the "next place, after Christianity and Confucianism, should be given to Brahmanism and Hinduism, which are not really two systems, but one, the latter being merely an expansion of the former, modified by contact with Buddhism." Williams estimates Hinduism as, numerically, twice as strong as Buddhism. Buddhism may, he thinks, have the "fourth place in the scale of numerical calculation."

This is an important correction, for several reasons which we cannot stop here to enumerate. It is, above all, a momentous and inspiring fact that Christianity is now pronounced, by the highest authorities, much more than four times as great, numerically, as the religion which has been considered numerically the greatest on the earth. Two of our best Oriental authorities — Legge and Hopper — estimate the entire Buddhism of Asia at 72,500,000 — more than a fourth less than the liberal estimate of Williams.

Buddhism is, nevertheless, pointed to by not a few religious speculators and innovators in Europe and America as worthy of favorable comparison with Christianity, if not, indeed, superior to it in important respects. Buddhist ideas are spreading in our own country from Boston to Los Angeles. Much of our "Theosophism," "Spiritism," and similar proposed substitutes for Christianity, is essentially Buddhist; for, though they may also claim to be somewhat Brahmanic, they share this claim with Buddhism itself. We have mentioned that the French traveler and author, Paul Bourget, alludes to the prevalence of Buddhist ideas in America. Even in Boston he found a cultivated man, who, drawing a large circle, drew a smaller one within it, and affirmed that as the smaller one is to the larger, so is Christianity in comparison with Buddhism.

What, then, is this Buddhism? Of course within our necessary limits the question cannot be fully, but it may be sufficiently, answered. Some five hundred years before Christ, Gautama (Buddha) was born in Oudh, in the north of India. He was not of royal lineage (as is usually alleged), but of high family, his father being a chieftain among his countrymen. After his marriage, and the birth of his only child, he became profoundly affected by sights and thoughts of the universal sufferings of mankind. The view of an old man tottering on his staff towards his grave; of an incurable invalid, scarcely able to draw his breath; of a corpse borne through the streets to the tomb; and especially of a religious mendicant, with "a staff in one hand and a mendicant's bowl" in the other, painfully deepened his reflections. He took abrupt leave of his family and hastened to a neighboring territory, where he hoped to find, among its Brahmanical sages, some solution of the origin and prevalence of evil. His inquiries were vain; for they taught, as his only relief, the "way of Topas," union with the "universal soul" by "self-inflicted bodily pain and austerity." In his anguish he tried, but soon abandoned, this worse than useless remedy, and passed into a wood in another district, where he joined himself to some meditative monks. There "he became convinced of his folly in resorting to bodily austerity as a means of attaining supreme enlightenment, and delivering himself from the evils and sufferings of life." He resumed his ordinary food and other habits, displeased his brother hermits, and, leaving them, took shelter under a sacred fig tree, and "gave himself up to higher and higher forms of meditation." The place is sacred to this day, the resort of pilgrims from all Buddhist lands; for there, after the mystic struggles known to all religions, the true light, as he believed, flashed upon his soul. It was at the dawn after a night of the deepest anguish. "This was the birthday

of Buddhism." But what was its essential import at this its natal hour? It was that all life, all reality, is evil; that the negation of all natural, as well as acquired, appetites, passions, and finally of self-consciousness itself, is the only process of cure; that this can be done, not by religious ceremonies or offerings, but by introspection; by a meditative habit through which the senses may be numbed, thought itself be lulled into reverie, reverie itself at last extinguished by the extinction of personality — by, in fine, the loss of identity, of consciousness, of being itself. We are speaking now of original, not modern, Buddhism. Williams rightly says: "It was an ultra-pessimistic view of the miseries of life, and determination to ignore all its counterbalancing joys. It was the doctrine that this present life is only one link in a chain of countless transmigrations; that existence of all kinds involves suffering; and that such suffering can only be got rid of by self-restraint and the extinction of desires, especially of the desire for continuity of personal existence. For, let it be clear at the outset, whatever may be said of the Christian-like self-renunciation enjoined by the Buddhist code of morality, the only self it aims at renouncing is the self of personality, and the chief self-love it deprecates is the self-love which consists in craving for continuous individual life." Nirvana itself (in its original conception) amounts to this — not the getting rid of mortal and suffering life in a higher existence; not absorption in the deity; but the extinction of evil by the extinction of conscious being.

Our necessary limits require us to throw into summary propositions what remains to be said: —

1. Buddha, like Socrates and Christ, wrote nothing. He was no controversialist. He made no onslaught on his old religion, but undermined it quietly by simply teaching his new ideas, most of these being themselves semi-Brahmanism.

2. Having solved his supreme problem, as he supposed, he went about mildly teaching his new ideas, as a monk in costume, subsisting on what the people put into his mendicant's bowl. He thus founded, without forethought, the greatest monastic system in the world. It really grew out of the preceding Brahmanical monasticism, to which, in fact, we owe all our Christian monasticism, but it took on, gradually, more formal traits, erected great edifices, and dotted much of the Orient with its structures. It has become one of the greatest social evils of Asia. Thousands, hundreds of thousands, of its followers live, by virtual beggary, on the industry of the masses. "In some districts," says Williams, "monasteries have been erected which, for vastness, magnificence, and grandeur of situation, are unequalled in any part of the world." The number of them and of the monks in some places is incredible. For example, in Kukut Khotum (Tartary) there are five immense monasteries and fifteen affiliated monasteries, with no less than 20,000 monks in them. The poor but devoted people feed them all without repining. Far away in Kuren (Mongolia), 30,000 monks are lodged and supported. Thibet is the greatest field of Buddhism; its two capitals (Lhassa and Tashi Lumbo) have "more than a thousand monastic establishments, with 491,242 lamas, or monks." Of course superstition, poverty, and misery characterize all such localities. Of Lhassa a Chinese proverb says: "Its chief inmates have always been priests, women and dogs." Williams says: "Two-thirds of its population are monks." Of course this kind of ecclesiastical socialism will hardly suit American life, or modern civilization anywhere. "It cannot be too often repeated," continues Williams, "that, according to the true theory of Buddhism, the only *raison d'être* of the laity is to wait upon the monkhood." The monks, as they pace slowly along, look at nothing but the point of the nose, or the ground at that angle; but the mendicant's bowl, attached to their costume, is open for the gifts of the misinformed people, who rush from their doors to fill it. No country on the globe has more religiosity than Thibet, and none so little religion; of civilization progress it has absolutely none. Though original Buddhism had no devotional offerings, no prayer, there is probably no other land on earth today, Christian or heathen, where there is more praying than in Thibet. It has even mechanical means of prayer — wheels to which are attached scraps of paper inscribed with supplications, turned by wind, water, sometimes by cranks, and every revolution of which is believed to be a repetition of the prayer.

3. Buddhism once prevailed all over the

Indian peninsula. Its success at a royal court made it successful everywhere. It studded the land with its magnificent temples; its temples (many of them sculptured mountains) remain, but no Buddhism remains in Hindustan today. It swayed the land for a thousand years; but the old Brahmanism, meeting again with royal favor, revived, and swept the reformed system out of the land. It prevails at the south in Ceylon, at the east in Burmah and Siam, at the north in Thibet, and over China and Japan, but has disappeared from the hundreds of millions of the Hindu population — a suggestive lesson for all the other "great religions" of the world.

4. It is now divided into all sorts of sects and opinions. As early as our fourth century it had at least ninety-six different sects. Arnold's "Light of Asia" gives it with the "rose color" of its earliest and purest traditions; but modern Buddhism is a vast and inextricable mass of superstitions and puerilities.

Buddhism has, nevertheless, had some most beneficial achievements, as —

5. It struck, at first, a great blow at all Oriental idolatries by ignoring religious formalities and making religion consist in the temper of the soul, in serene meditation and inward self-rectification. This capital fact may be available in the future religious reformations of the Orient — reformations which are obviously inevitable under the present tendency of civilization there.

6. It is the greatest temperance organization on earth, prohibiting all intoxicating drinks.

7. It introduced an almost incredible liberality of religious opinion throughout the Orient. Lately something like our own sectarian belligerence has occasionally appeared among Buddhists — antagonism provoked perhaps by our own aggressions among them; and we even hear of projected Buddhist missions to England and America, in reciprocation of ours to them. But Buddhism is mild, tolerant, even profoundly charitable. The writer of this article has preached, on two successive Sundays, in one of their temples, facing Buddha himself and the paraphernalia of its altar slightly veiled by a cotton sheet. Our American hymns rung through its corridors, our Holy Scriptures were read, and the Gospel, "the glad tidings" of universal redemption, was preached without compromise. Its venerable priest stood at its entrance, complacently welcoming us and other foreigners, serenely smiling his fatherly benediction as we came and went. It seemed a unique event — I know not that another such instance has ever occurred; but it was quite compatible with the genius of Buddhism. Is there a Christian temple in America where such a charitable example could be reciprocated?

8. Buddhism during its prevalence in India struck away the Brahmanical doctrine of caste — the most formidable social tradition of the great peninsula. Restored Brahmanism has restored that evil, but the teaching of Buddhism remains a grand historical lesson for the Orient in the future. The germ of the future socialistic regeneration of the human race was there — the brotherhood of man.

Many other good, as well as evil, things could be said of Buddhism, but I must stop. Sufficient has been said to show that while it has, or rather had, special excellencies, it is now quite illogical, it is puerile, to talk of it as comparable to Christianity, not to say as a substitute, in whatever modified form, for what Paul exultingly called "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

San Jose, Cal.

## IN HOLY LANDS.

## XIV.

Rev. C. L. Goodell.

THE plain through which we are riding, and which stretches away seven miles to the south of us, is called

El Mukha.

The word means a camp, and it possibly has its name from the fact that the Israelites encamped here when they assembled at Shechem after the conquest of the land. It was down this valley that the Saviour looked from His seat on the well and said to His disciples, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

Half-way down the plain and a little to the left is the village of 'Awertah, where they will show you the tombs of Eleazar and Phineas, the son and grandson of Aaron, and also the tomb of Abishua, Aaron's great-grandson, who, the Samaritans say, wrote the copy of the Pentateuch which we

saw in Nablus — which claim I do not believe. Three miles further on is Kefr Haris, where Jewish and Samaritan tradition locates the tombs of Caleb and Joshua. There is a Christian tradition that Joshua is buried at Tibneh, a few miles to the southwest.

We stopped and rested for a little in an old olive orchard. A great desire seized me to get a strangely twisted branch of one of the trees for a cane. I cut the cane, but I noticed that the soul of Solomon was troubled, and I said, "Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick?" And Solomon said, "Why hast thou done this?" And then he told me in what high esteem the olive trees are held, and that even to cut a stick from a tree was called robbing the orchard. I immediately became penitent, and especially so as I saw some Arabs riding that way; but since the stick was cut off and no contrition of spirit would make it grow again, I took it along with me. I have since learned that the Arabs have a saying that he who cuts down an olive tree will have no peace afterwards.

For an hour we toiled up the rugged hills in a gentle rain and stopped at Khan Lubban, near the site of the ancient Lebanon, for lunch. We tried our camera with fair success upon the group of women that congregated around the spring by the roadside. They seemed to understand the situation and acted very much as Christians do when about to have a picture taken. The headgear was readjusted and every ornament of brass carefully put in place to be seen to advantage. We had a cup of black coffee served in his little khan by the man in charge, but we were not anxious to stay with him long. We soon left the miserable room with dirt floor, no window, and hardly high enough to stand up in, and turned our horses to the east for a visit to a famous site.

After an hour's ride we came in sight of the ruins of Seilin, accepted since Dr. Robinson's day as the ancient

## Shiloh.

Before we reached the ruins we rode by many tombs cut in the rock. One among them is shown as the tomb of Eli. To the south of the town is the little plain known as the "Meadow of the Feast," where the yearly vintage dance was held described in Judges 21:21. It was here that the Benjamites found wives after the manner of the Romans in the famous "Rape of the Sabine Women." When the daughters of Shiloh were dancing here at the feast, the men of Benjamin rushed in, and, after the shortest period of courtship on record, each man bore away a wife.

There is little enough to mark the site of Shiloh. Here, and for miles around, all is desolate and silent. Not a dwelling is in sight. The wind blows cold on this November day and seems burdened with the sighs of an immemorial past. We can barely move through the ruins where ran some of the ancient streets. The remnants of two small sanctuaries are still to be seen. One stands on a slope south of the ruins, in which Jewish and Christian architecture is mingled. A Moslem shrine has been added to it, and it is called the "Mosque of the Forty," in honor of the companions of the Prophet. Another little sanctuary here among the ruins is called the "Mosque of the Worshippers." Near it is the probable site of the Tabernacle. The large oak tree that stood here was recently blown over.

How many Bible events come to our mind as we speak the name Shiloh! From Shiloh the land was allotted to the tribes by Joshua. Here the Tabernacle was placed and remained until the death of Eli, nearly three hundred and fifty years. It was to this place that Hannah came with the boy Samuel, and here he was "established to be a prophet of the Lord." Down this hillside went Hophni and Phineas, the renegade sons of Eli, taking the ark of God with them; they and it to come no more. It was by yonder ruin, once the gate of the city, that the old man Eli sat and heard the fateful news of the death of his sons and the capture of the ark — and, hearing, fell dead. The city never regained its importance after its conquest by the Philistines, and Jeremiah refers to it as utterly destroyed on account of the wickedness of the people of Israel.

We leave Shiloh with its long history and its sad lesson and hasten on, for the road we have to travel is long and rough. We pass near Sinjil, named from Raymond of St. Gillis, who there fixed his camp, advancing on Jerusalem. After a ride of an hour we come to a narrow gorge and a spring called the "Spring of the Robbers." It is well named. Hemmed in on either side by cliff and mountains, one would shout for help in vain. The loneliness of the spot is made

more impressive by the old Crusader ruin called Baldwin's Tower. If a Bedouin meets you anywhere, pray that it be not at the Robbers' Spring!

For the next two hours we travel a road where it looks as if all the stones collected in orchard and vineyard since Abraham's time had been dumped. We said to Jibrān, or Gabriel, the muleteer, "Isn't this the worst road in Palestine?" The only comfort we got was the laconic reply, "Road pretty bad; worse tomorrow." It certainly looks that way, for every rod we advance the ascent is steeper, the fields more rocky, the country more desolate. It would hardly be exaggeration to say that we traveled some miles where the horses' hoofs had touched a stone at every step.

It was getting dark as we climbed the last hill, and I sang softly to myself as my good Moorshan picked his way over loose stones and slipping ledge, —

"Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;"

and those other words so appropriate here, —

"Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise."

And this hilltop, covered with great boulders, stone huts, stone walls, with ruins of stone church and stone castle and stone reservoir, and stone pillows enough to accommodate an army, —

This is Bethel!

It is a picture of desolation. The only things that speak of life are the few hovels near at hand and the tall white tower of the Russian church on the summit of Olivet far to the south. As I thought of all the things that had happened here, I confess my heart beat faster than it was wont. In that fertile valley to the east Abraham pitched his tent when he came from Shechem. And there Lot and Abraham parted. Lot went down to the Jordan valley, which can be seen from the next hill, and "pitched his tent toward Sodom." Jacob came to this hill when he fled from Esau and lay down to sleep on a pillow of stone. I used to wonder that he used such a strange pillow, but really it was the only thing he could do. I did not see a spot of ground large enough for a man to lie down on where there would not have been a stone under some part of his body.

But behold the strange anomaly! We fall asleep on our pillows of down, and if dreams come to us they are likely to be dreams of unholy pleasure and selfish gain; on this rugged spot a man who fled for his life, who owned nothing but the cloak on his back and the staff in his hand, fell asleep upon a stone and dreamed such dreams as changed his life and helped to make him a prince unto God. So mightily was he moved that he changed the name of the place and called it no more Luz, but Bethel — the "House of God." House of God! A rocky bubble of hills with a vile village floating on top, thorns infesting the ground and matting over boulders, a country so desolate that neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob could live there. But let us call it still the house of God, for most of the ladders which angels climb are set in rocky places, and many a man has found out it is better to tend sheep among the rocks at Bethel than to sit at the gate of Sodom.

Boston, Mass.

#### THE THREE PILGRIMAGES IN 1896.

S. E. Bridgman.

WE have had the rare privilege of witnessing or participating in three great religious pilgrimages since this year began. Though far different in their expression of devotion and far apart in space, each in their own way told of man's spiritual hunger and longing for help from some source unseen and higher than himself.

We have been specially struck in recent wanderings with the seriousness of worshipers as seen in the various services attended. In the Cathedral of St. Isaac, St. Petersburg, where a vast crowd filled that massive pile, and richest jewels were lavishly displayed on every side, where fabulous sums of money had been expended in outward adornment and the eye was dazzled by their brilliancy, we found real, true worshipers. It was a strange, motley crowd. The soldier was there in his rich uniform, with the bearing of a prince; statesmen, scholars and men of highest rank gathered before the altar and listened as for life to the intoning and to the elaborate ritual as voiced by priests in gorgeous robes; and all about were the poor Russian peasants, wild

looking, with long, uncombed hair, clad in the rude costume of the steppes, and little boys and girls in simple dress — all intent, almost painfully so, upon the service. At times they bowed and swayed like a field of grain in a storm, rapidly touching their heads and breasts and bowing to the stone pavement. In all this there was not a sign of indifference, not a mark of levity or of weariness. The strangers from a foreign land, wearing a different dress, moved among them — for all were standing when not kneeling or prostrate — and our presence was absolutely unnoticed. So far as we could discern, "they saw Jesus only," to use a familiar phrase in our church, albeit their Christ was a priest of the Greek Church. The music of men's voices (no instrument was allowed) was like the echo of the choir of the one hundred and forty-four thousand, the like of which cannot be heard outside of Russia. Who dare say that there were no true worshipers of the triune God in that service? We certainly in that far-off land bowed reverently, and felt that we were in the presence of God.

At Damascus, later, we were present at the "Haj," or the starting of the

#### Annual Pilgrimage to Mecca.

Weary weeks or months would pass before they could reach the shrine of the Prophet. Mountains and plains must be crossed, wild tribes of cruel men would bar their way, perils and dangers must be encountered; but with a spirit akin in some respects to the Pilgrims of old, they would encounter all for the sake of a higher seat in Paradise. For days that city of 250,000 was thronged with men, women and children coming from the region round about. All the wild tribes of the Turkish provinces gathered there, and one could hardly move through the streets without being penned in; camels, donkeys, soldiers, police, veiled women, fanatical infidels, Bedouins — and every man carrying arms boldly or hidden. The handle of a dagger or a pistol was partially revealed, and at any moment an explosion might take place in this (probably) most fanatical city on earth. We drove out some miles toward the plain, where tradition says St. Paul was struck blind. All the distance was covered with pilgrims or sight-seers who occupied every available spot, waiting through long hours of day and night. They filled the narrow sidewalks, they packed the streets; like birds, they alighted on trees, roofs, balconies. We ran the gauntlet of a small army of Bedouins mounted on camels. They were heavily armed, dark, sinister-looking men in flowing robes and turbanned heads, who were to act as escort through unfriendly tribes. Money paid the various sheiks en route, with the sight of soldierly men back of it, would keep in restraint the wild passions of the savage races, who are as untamed today as in the days of Abraham.

#### Russian Pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

Later, just after Holy Week, we were sailing in a little steamer from Joppa to Port Said. We were told that it was to start at 4 P. M. A few of us came out in boats, and we supposed anchor would be weighed and we should sail on time, catching a fine view of that famous port and the coast of the great sea. Hour after hour passed, and we waited, watching, till the stars came out, the boat-loads of passengers climbing up on deck — a stolid-looking, sad-faced company, dressed in the plain long robe of the Russian peasant, bringing on boxes and bags and bundles. They filled every corner on deck and below; they crouched on the coils of ropes; they overflowed the steamer; they were packed in like slaves in a slave-ship. We few tourists could not leave the little stateroom or cabin without jostling these poor vermin-infested men and women. They carried their black bread and plain food in bags, and, crouched by railings and in narrow passages, found rest as best they could under the stars. We had on that night voyage to Egypt thirteen hundred of these Russians who had been to Jerusalem for Holy Week, making a pilgrimage of weeks and months from their far-off home — and all to bow before the empty sepulchre of our risen Lord. We had seen many of them in Jerusalem — kissing the "stone of unction," crowding chapel and the sacred places in the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre," waiting through long ceremonies the events of Holy Week. Who can doubt that these were actuated (some of them, at least) by a long desire to stand within the gates of the city which had rejected their Lord, and thus to come closer to Him with whom there is no Jew or Gentile, but all alike His children? Had a storm arisen

mass of humanity, I dare not picture the discomfort and suffering.

Our third experience with pilgrims was on Sabbath last, when we joined a glad, enthusiastic company at

#### That Mecca of Christians — Northfield.

Here we found, not the fanatical Moslem, not the misguided, priest-governed Russian, but noble men and women who had assembled to see through faith a risen, personal Christ. Here on the uplands of northern Massachusetts, where the hills and valleys are wondrously fair and beautiful, we met with pilgrims from various parts of our land and from across the sea. Evangelists, pastors, teachers, missionaries, scholars — all met at this, the fourteenth annual conference, at D. L. Moody's invitation. These gatherings attract a great number, and the fields about with their white tents, the crowded hotels, inns, boarding-houses, halls, on hillside and avenue, indicate the interest which devout men and women have in the prayerful study of the Bible and the mighty truths centred in the Book. We know of no place where one can find such a spiritual uplift as at the Northfield Conferences.

Northampton, Mass.

#### FIRST SERMONS.

"MRS. MAISLEY, how be you feelin'?" I got nothing; I'm very hungry." Such was the remark of one old woman to another on their way home from hearing young Arthur Penryhn Stanley's first sermon in the parish church of Bergapton. His bodily presence was weak, and his delivery shocking; and the humble saints found the spiritual nourishment very meagre. Stanley preached beautiful moral sayings; and those of us who have heard the lovable Dean address his great crowds in Westminster Abbey have sympathized with the pious rustic who heard his maiden effort and confessed to a certain unsatisfied hunger of heart.

The perfect antipodes of Dean Stanley both in doctrine and in delivery was Charles H. Spurgeon.

He was the son and grandson of Congregationalist ministers, and his first attempt at preaching was made when he was only sixteen.

He was asked by a friend to walk four miles to a cottage service in the little village of Tavarsham, near Cambridge. "I hope God will bless you in your preaching tonight," said his companion. "Nay," said young Spurgeon, "I never have preached, and I don't know that I could do it." The cottage was filled, and as no minister appeared, the youth was pressed into the service, despite the protests of some old ladies against listening to "that boy." He wore a round jacket and turned-down shirt-collar, and taking for his text, "Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious," he expounded it with a fervor and unction which astonished his auditors.

Spurgeon was a marvel of ministerial precoccy; he never saw the inside of a theological seminary, and was only nineteen when he was invited up to London to preach in the old

"Park Street Chapel." Its congregation had dwindled to a handful, and by diligent "drumming" about two hundred people were got together on a wintry day. Among those who were thus drummed in to help fill an empty house was a Miss Susannah Thompson, who three years afterwards became the wife of the "wonderful boy," already become the most popular preacher in London! Her twin sons are both ministers of the Gospel, thus perpetuating a true "apostolic succession" through four generations.

If Stanley's and Spurgeon's beginnings were rather unique, that of the celebrated Dr. Thomas Guthrie was far more so. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Brechin in 1825. His first sermon was committed to memory and delivered in the parish church of Dun; but on his way to the place he said to himself, "I have mistaken my profession; I shall never succeed as a preacher." But he got through the ordeal without balk or blunder, and rode home perfectly happy. One would suppose that pulpits would easily be found for such a promising beginner; but in those titanic days the appointments to pulpits in the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland were made by "patrons" who had the control of them. Young Guthrie, finding no opening for his gifts, went off to Paris and attended a course of lectures on natural philosophy and anatomy. On his return he secured a position in a bank, where he spent nearly four years in posting accounts! Occasionally he would go out and preach in some vacant pulpit; but as he afterwards said, "I waited by the pool for five long, weary years, before I received a presentation to the parish of Arblot." This seems to be a most astounding commencement of the career of that

magnificent pulpit orator whom the London Times afterward styled "the most eloquent man in Europe!" The only way to account for it is that the young Guthrie had never yet discovered the secret of his own power, and had not learned how to use the gift that was in him. There is both suggestion and comfort in this experience of Guthrie for some young ministers who are slow in being found out, and in finding out themselves.

The famous and heaven-blessed Dr. Payson of Portland made also a very unpromising début in his ministry. The account of his first attempt at preaching is thus given in his diary: "I endeavored to cast myself wholly on the Lord for support. I fell thankful it was rainy; there were very few people at meeting, and I just got through without stopping. Spoke too fast and too low. Was a good deal depressed after meeting. In the afternoon did a little better, but still bad enough. Was very much fatigued, and almost in a fever; but enjoyed some comfort after meeting." If any one could have told that despondent young licentiate that his Portland pulpit would yet blaze out as an Edystone light over all New England and would teach the great secret of soul-winning, he might have laid his head on his pillow, happy as an archangel.

During my student days Edward N. Kirk was unsurpassed in graceful and persuasive pulpit eloquence; Dr. James W. Alexander told me that he regarded him as fully equal to Summerfield. Kirk, while still a theological student at Princeton, delivered his first sermon to a little company of Negroes in the outskirts of the village. He made careful preparation, and a few poor, weary-looking colored women dropped in, one by one. Satan, he says, whispered in his ear, "This is beautiful, isn't it? A college graduate, a student in theology, carefully preparing an address to such an audience." For a moment his heart yielded, and then the better spirit came and said to him, "Who are you but a sinner saved by grace? What if God has sent you here tonight to lead one of these souls to the Lamb of God, and at length to shine among the stars in the firmament of heaven? Are you worthy of that honor?" He asked God to forgive him, and he said that after that evening he never felt either troubled or elated by the number of persons in his audience.

We might narrate many other cases of the experimental efforts of men who became masters in Israel. Dr. Chalmers was licensed to preach at the age of nineteen because he was regarded as "a lad o' pregnant parts." Of his first sermon we know nothing; but his earliest ministry at Kilmarney was a spiritual failure; he only aimed to reform men by the cold precepts of morality. He declared that he never reformed any one by that style of preaching, and "it was not until the free offer of forgiveness through the stoning blood of Christ was urged upon men that I ever heard of any reformations." Chalmers, like John Wesley, found his power at the foot of the cross.

Charles G. Finney, the king of modern evangelists, studied theology, not in a seminary, but with Rev. Mr. Gale, an "Old School" pastor in Central New York. Young Finney was working out a "New School" system of doctrine for himself, and after he delivered his first sermon Mr. Gale said to him, "I shall be very much ashamed to have it known, wherever you go, that you studied theology with me." The teacher — who was rather a "Hard Shell" — came over afterwards to the views of his powerful pupil, and confessed that if Mr. Finney had been molded by him he would have been ruined as a minister.

It would be exceedingly profitable for young men to study what may be called the *genesis* of the most successful ministers. They will find that many of them began "in weakness and in fear and in much trembling." Seldom has any lofty career of usefulness begun in self-conceit; those who have climbed the highest have started from the lowliest point. And if any have overestimated themselves through inexperience, God has been pretty sure to bring them down. The first step to Christ-exaltation is self-abasement. — REV. THOMAS L. CUTLER, D. D., in N. Y. Evangelist.

When Cyrus Hamlin was ten or eleven years old, his mother gave him seven cents when going to celebrate muster-day. The money was for gingerbread, buns, etc. "Perhaps, Cyrus," said she, "you will put a cent or two into the missionary contribution-box at Mrs. Farrar's." As he trudged along he began to ask, "Shall I put in one cent or two? I wish she had not said one or two." He decided on two. Then conscience said, "What, five cents for your stomach and two for the heathen? Five for gingerbread and two for souls!" So he said four for gingerbread and three for souls. But presently he felt it must be three for gingerbread and four for souls. When he came to the box he dumped in the whole seven, to have no more bother about it. When he went home, hungry as a bear, he explained to his mother his "unreasonable hunger; and, smiling through tears, she gave him a royal bowl of bread and milk. And he pathetically asks: "What was the meaning of mother's tears?"

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## SUNDAYS ABROAD.

V.

Dublin.

Rev. J. Wesley Johnston, D. D.

SOME years since I read a very interesting but most peculiar story entitled, "That Dreadful Four Minutes," in which the author gave the result of his thoughts in a tunnel for the four minutes required by the train to pass through. But if four minutes covered several large pages of closely-printed matter, how much more would nine hours fill? A large volume would be taken up in every part, and still something be left over. And yet nine dreary, sleepless, fearfully wakeful hours I spent making my way from Paris to this place, just evenly divided between the passages from Dieppe to Newhaven, and Holyhead to Dublin. These dreadful nine hours have no reference to the journey by rail, for railway traveling on this side of the Atlantic is not very bad, but the steam-boats are simply intolerable. And it is really not fair (Oh, how much it costs me by way of repression to limit myself to this word "fair!") for the managers of excursions in New York and elsewhere to withhold the conditions of steamboat travel, and delude their victims with the idea that second-class accommodations are good enough for the average tourist. They are not good enough. They are not good enough for the lowest class of emigrants. They are coarse and common and vulgar, and at night particularly are hardly good enough for cattle. And if one desires to change from second to first the fares for these few hours are barbarous extortions, so much so that a high-spirited American will indignantly refuse to pay such outrageous charges. Intending travelers should, therefore, definitely understand before they leave home that in all their schemes of travel they must provide for first-class steamboat accommodations, or, like Job, they will be tempted to curse the hour in which they were born.

"Harper's Hand-book" very wisely suggests that tourists stop first at Ireland before proceeding to the Continent, as the chances are against their doing so on their return. But very few take this advice, and the result is that hardly anything is known in America of this wonderful island except that which is gathered from the New York policemen or the aldermen of Boston! Having been pretty well over Europe — the lake country of northern England as well as that of northern Italy, and the mountains and passes of Switzerland — I can say in all honesty that Ireland has both beauties and sublimities of scenery that will compare with anything on the Continent or Great Britain. Donegal and Connemara are magnificently wild and rugged; Wicklow is exquisitely picturesque; Killarney is both sublime and delicious; in fact, the whole country possesses charms and qualities of rare attractiveness. And this I write not from guide-book information, but from actual sight and observation.

Sunday morning found me in the Methodist Church on St. Stephen's Green, perhaps the most noted and influential of the Methodist churches in Dublin. The opening service was an abbreviated form of Wesley's "Order of Morning Prayer," and was very impressive and spiritual. Dr. Wallace McMullen, one of the most loved and honored Wesleyan ministers in Ireland, and who represents in himself about

every quality that could be desired, read the service most tenderly and beautifully and afterwards preached. And he did preach! Simple yet profound, clear yet poetic and beautiful, full of lesson and suggestiveness was his discourse, and the memory of that delightful sermon and service will ever abide with me.

A journey across the city brought me to Blackhall Place, where Rev. Stewart Smith is the pastor. Here I found an excellent congregation, and heard a strong, striking sermon delivered with genuine Irish eloquence and force.

Having the privilege of spending a second Sunday in this beautiful city, I improved it by preaching in St. Stephen's Green in the morning at the invitation of Dr. Wesley Gard, the pastor, who is so deservedly popular here; and I went to one of the suburban churches in the evening, Charleston Road, where I heard about as perfect an expository sermon on one of the letters to the seven churches as could well be imagined. The preacher was Dr. Uoade, one of the ministers of this circuit, and though his discourse was eminently scholarly, and gave evidence of wide and careful reading, yet it was thoroughly popular, and was listened to by a large congregation with the most eager attention.

Methodism in Dublin is more than holding its own — a fact which, in view of the removals by emigration, and the comparatively restricted field it occupies, is almost amazing. For be it remembered that Dublin is overwhelmingly Roman Catholic, and the Romanist of Dublin is not accessible to Protestant ministrations. Then the Irish Protestant Episcopal Church, though no longer connected with the State, still retains its hold upon the wealthy classes, so that Methodism has but a limited sphere. It is, therefore, a matter of wonder almost that it grows either in numbers and influence, and yet it is doing both. St. Stephen's Green is as largely attended now as it ever was — possibly even more so — and yet from it have gone out such vigorous churches as Charleston Road and Brighton Road, and the same is true of Abbey St., which is sending out its shoots on the opposite side of the city and suburbs. All this is the more remarkable when we bear in mind that Dublin is not increasing in population, but is practically the same now as for years past.

Our Methodist friends on this side of the water give their American friends small opportunity to unite with them in singing, for only once have I heard a familiar tune since leaving Brooklyn. I tuned up several times expecting to hear "Bethany," or "Olivet," or "Dundee," or "Azmon," or "Duke St.," but my tuning up was in vain; and I regret to say it, but I think the new are no improvement on the old.

I was favored with much kindness and hospitality during my stay here, and the warm-heartedness and cordiality with which I was received could not but be grateful to a weary pilgrim. I found Dr. McMullen as a host fully as delightful as he was a preacher — and when this is said, nothing more remains. The Dublin Methodist ministers are a noble body of men, and I will ever be grateful that it was my privilege to meet and know them!

Dublin, Aug. 25.

## RECEPTION TO LI HUNG CHANG.

Dr. S. L. Baldwin's Address.

[The following address is taken from the excellent report of the reception extended by the ex-ministers of China to Li Hung Chang at the Waldorf in New York, which appears in last week's *Christian Advocate*.]

ILLUSTROUS SIR: I am sure that all this company of former residents of China count this a red-letter day in our lives, because we are permitted to welcome as a guest the leading statesman and one of the highest officials of the Middle Kingdom — one whom our own honored and beloved Grant placed among the first three statesmen of the world.

Personally, I feel it to be a great privilege to represent the missionary body in your honored presence. Twenty-one years of my life were spent in your country, but Dr. Martin has spent forty-six years there, and Dr. Blodget over forty years; and here is Dr. Speer, who went out to Canton fifty years ago, and Dr. White, who went to Foochow forty-nine years ago. Veterans, indeed, every way worthy of the honors your country is accustomed to bestow upon venerable men.

We found one of the favorite proverbs among your people, "All within the four seas are brethren," and we are glad to testify that we have experienced much kind and brotherly treatment from the Chinese, showing their hearts to be in accordance with their proverb.

We gladly entered on the study of the writings of your great teachers, and could not do otherwise than to profoundly revere the great sage, Confucius, who twenty-five hundred years ago said: "What you do not wish done to your-

selves, do not do to others" (Analects, book 15, chapter 23). Our cordial assent was given to the words of Mencius: "The superior man does not set his mind either for or against anything; what is right he will follow" (book 4, chapter 11).

We were glad to find very many of the teachings of your great sages in exact accord with those of Jesus of Nazareth, whose words recorded in the New Testament were received with such gracious satisfaction by your great empress dowager, when presented to her by the Christian women of China on her sixtieth birthday.

I think I may truthfully claim for my brother missionaries four things: —

First, that they have always been the sincere friends of the Chinese people. They have sought to benefit and bless them, to help them to true and unselfish lives, and to promote in every way their physical, mental, and moral well-being.

Second, that they have been steadfast foes of the opium traffic. They have thrown the whole weight of their influence against it, and have urged their governments to leave China entirely free to abolish it. Could they have their way, there never would be another ounce of it imported.

Third, they have been teachers of loyalty to the government. They teach that it is the duty of all Christians to be subject to the supreme authority of the country, to use all laudable means to enjoin obedience to the powers that be, and to behave themselves as peaceable and loyal subjects.

Fourth, they have done efficient work in the diffusion of knowledge and in promoting general education. The works on arithmetic, geometry, mechanics, algebra, astronomy, and other sciences, such as those translated by Alexander Wylie, the medical works of Dr. Hobson and those who have followed him, Dr. Martin's translation of Wheaton's "International Law," and other works now numbered by hundreds, show their fidelity in this department of useful service, while Dr. Legge's monumental work in the translation of your ancient classics into the English tongue is only one great example among many minor ones of the work gladly done in giving the best thoughts of your great men to the nations of the West.

The work of Protestant missions has increased until there are over 400 male missionaries, nearly that number of the wives of missionaries, and about 200 unmarried lady missionaries. And in the Protestant churches there are over 60,000 communicants. In the day schools, boarding schools and colleges there are over 40,000 pupils, perhaps equally divided between the two sexes. There are 100 male and 50 female physicians, 150 male native medical students and 30 female students, 71 hospitals treating many thousands of patients and the physicians attending yet other thousands at their homes, and 111 dispensaries, in which over 223,000 patients are treated. About \$70,000 was spent in this medical work last year.

We desire to express to your excellency our grateful appreciation of your action on frequent occasions in insisting that the rights guaranteed to Christians by the treaty should be secured to them, and in enforcing the law against those who violate it in this respect. Your government in the treaty of 1858 said: "The principles of the Christian religion are recognized as teaching men to do good, and to do to others as they would have others do to them; hereafter, those who quietly profess and teach these doctrines shall not be harassed or persecuted on account of their faith." You have steadfastly stood by this article of the treaty, giving Christians the protection promised, seeking to deal justly with them as with all other classes of subjects.

We remember with gratitude your earnest and burning words against the opium traffic and your declaration to the Anglo-Oriental Society for the suppression of the opium trade: "If it be thought that China countenances the import for the revenue it brings, it should be known that my government will gladly give over all such revenue in order to stop the import of opium. My sovereign has never desired

his empire to thrive on the lives or infirmities of his subjects; and we are only too sorry for the truth of your other words, that on this opium question "England and China can never meet on common ground; China views the whole question from a moral standpoint, England from a fiscal."

We hope you will continue to teach Christianity to Christendom by viewing this and other great questions from a moral standpoint.

We rejoice that a treaty between your government and ours prohibits our citizens from carrying on any traffic in opium in your empire, and pray that the day may soon come when other nations will join in like treaties and help to lift this curse from your fair land.

We remember your grateful expressions to Dr. Leonora Howard after her faithful and successful treatment of your beloved wife, your establishment of a hospital at Tientsin, and your hearty and continued interest in the medical work of the missions.

We recognize with gratitude your kind interest in the educational work and your friendship for all enlightened and judicious efforts in behalf of progress.

And we do not forget that when you were lying on bed of pain, your life imperiled by an assassin's bullet, and the Christians of Nagoya sent you a message of sympathy, you commissioned your son, his excellency Li Ching Fong, to say to them for yourself: "He is deeply moved by the sentiments of kindly solicitude for his welfare expressed in your address, and

feels that the prayers you have offered for his recovery cannot be unheard by the Power who controls human destinies. He believes that his life has been spared for some wise purpose beyond the capacity of man to fathom; but he will venture to interpret his good fortune as an indication that his life's work is not yet complete, that he may yet do some good in the world, and perhaps render service to his country by endeavoring to restore peace and good will where strife now prevails."

We joined in those prayers; we believe you have rightly interpreted the Divine purpose in sparing your life.

We hope that your visit to this country is to be a factor of importance in rounding out your complete life of faithful service to your country, to the world, and to God. And I am sure that every one here present will join in the prayer that when your sun shall sink behind the western hills — far distant be the day! — it may illuminate the sky with the brilliant reflection of a well-spent life full of deeds that have blessed mankind. When that time comes, tears of regret will fall in the nations of the earth, and your name will be permanently enshrined as

"One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die."

## PEOPLE WHO WANT TO KNOW.

A CHICAGO newspaper has published a list of 100 consecutive farm mortgages taken at random from the books of a firm prominently engaged in the business of procuring loans for farmers. The book numbers of the mortgages ran from 5,130 to 5,230. It was found that one-third, thirty-five, of the lenders and mortgage-holders in the list were widows, who had invested in this way the greater part of their small capitals, the individual sums so placed by them ranging from \$500 to \$4,500. Among the other lenders were nine unmarried women, two farmers' wives, four farmers, one blacksmith, and fourteen retired sea captains, country storekeepers and small traders. Twelve of the loans had been made out of funds held in trust for the heirs of small estates, the mortgages so placed running from \$1,000 to \$4,500. Seventy-eight of the numbers are thus accounted for, and the remaining mortgages are held by persons of small means.

In most of the speeches and newspapers that espouse free silver it is assumed that the holders of farm mortgages are the "money kings," and the "gold bugs of Wall Street," and that almost any means, however unfair, would be justified for the purpose of "getting even" with these oppressors who are crucifying the farmers upon "a cross of gold." But such hard facts as those we have just cited show that "the oppressor" is not a "plentiful gold bug," weaving his schemes in a Wall St. back office, but it is a widow, whose husband has left her a few hundred to eke out her subsistence and support her children; the spinster, whose little property is all that stands between her and dependence upon the cold charity of relatives; the sea-captains, who by years of hardship have scraped together a thousand or two for old age. The "gold bug" seems to be an opprobrious creature, whom it would be righteous to swindle; but looked at narrowly, the "gold bug" of the particular variety that oppresses the farmer turns out to be a widow of narrow means, with whose hard lot any true man would sympathize, the spinster aunt, the maiden sister, the bronzed and broken ship-master. The truth is, the great capitalists have never put their money into Western mortgages. The great bulk of the money loaned upon Western farms comes from the savings of hard-working persons, or the little estates of families in the East which had lost their bread-winners. Warfare on this particular class of creditors is not a warfare upon financiers or upon able-bodied men; it is a warfare upon helpless women, upon broken-down men, and upon little children. — *Watchman*.

## A Timely Reminder.

Each season forces upon our consideration its own peculiar perils to health. The advent of fall finds many reduced in strength and vigor, poorly prepared to continue the business of life. The stomach and bowels, the great highway of animal economy, are especially liable to disorder in the fall. The nervous system has also suffered in the struggle. Typhoid fever and malaris in particular find in the fall that combination of earth, air and water that mark this season as especially dangerous. The falling leaves, the decaying vegetables, contribute their share of contamination. Hood's Sarsaparilla furnishes a most valuable safeguard at these important points, and should be used in the fall before serious sickness has laid you low.

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## MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

G. Willard Johnson.  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

NOT long ago, the supreme court of one of our States rendered a decision that affected a vast number of its own citizens as well as citizens now resident or commorant in other States, to wit, declaring all divorces granted in the State were void. I have not the decision, so cannot say anything on its actual effect. Several articles having come to my notice in the papers, I wish to suggest a few thoughts on the subject.

What is marriage? Bouvier defines it to be a contract, made in due form of law, by which a man and woman obligate themselves reciprocally to live with each other during their joint lives and to discharge toward each other the duties imposed by law on the relation of husband and wife.

Relative to marriage, we must consider, if we are inquiring concerning its legal effect or the status of the parties, (1) as to its validity, and (2) as to the duties imposed by law. The legality is always determined by the place of contract or solemnization — *lex loci contractus*. The duties always change with the domicile, and are imposed by the *lex loci domicilii*, or the place of domicile.

Now it has been decided that marriage is not only a contract, but a legal status or relation. It is, in fact, both. But it has become necessary to sever the one from the other; in fact, to wholly disregard the contract part and consider it as a legal relation. The doctrine must be extended so far that, after the solemnization of the marriage, there is nothing left but the legal status or relation, to enable legislatures and courts to grant divorce at all. For if any part of the marriage contract subsists as a contract, then all divorces granted by a State legislature or a State court are illegal and void. The United States Constitution forbids States to pass laws impairing the obligations of contracts. (Art. 1, Sec. 10, clause 1, U. S. Constitution.)

Marriage being legal everywhere, if legal in the place where it is contracted, divorce must be equally valid and coextensive to avoid very serious consequences, not to the parties only, but to their issue. Regardless of opinions and decisions of eminent jurists, it is my opinion that marriage is a contract within the intent of the United States Constitution, which no State has a right to impair.

I will give one illustration to show how it is possible to affect parties and issue: Suppose A marries B in South Carolina, and is afterwards divorced in Maine, or in any other State. South Carolina not recognizing the right of divorce by its law, what will be the status of the parties? They are still man and wife in South Carolina, but in all other States they must be considered single and legally divorced. If either of the parties marries another and returns to South Carolina, they are bigamists and their issue illegitimate. And if they die leaving any estate in South Carolina, it must escheat to the State unless it descends to the heirs of the deceased party; for illegitimate children cannot inherit except by statute so providing.

Too much cannot be said against such loosely constructed divorce laws — laws made in the main to legalize immorality and vice. There may be times when divorce is in the interest of good morals; for instance, when the character of one of the parties is good and that of the other notoriously bad, without any prospect of reclamation. But this does not alter the fact, or rather cause, of the origination of divorce. If divorce is now a necessary evil, then there is now as much reason for a national divorce law as there was for a national bankruptcy law. Our laws should tend towards virtue and justice, not toward sin and crime. Except in extraordinary cases divorce should only be granted for the canonical reason — adultery — and the guilty party should then be punished.

Montague, Me.

## Biblical Research.

A DISCOVERY of exceptional interest has recently been made by Dr. Giovanni Mercati, a young Italian scholar, who has published a pamphlet giving full particulars of his fortunate find. In the Ambrosian Library at Milan, Signor Mercati came upon a palimpsest of which the second writing dates from the thirteenth century, while the original portion, in minuscules of the tenth century, contains considerable fragments of the Hexapla of the Psalms of Origen. The text is preserved in the original arrangement, made by Origen himself, and stands in five parallel columns. These columns contain the Hebrew transcription in Greek letters and the versions of Aquila, Symmachus LXX, and Theodotion. The margin of the manuscript contains some variants, while the column with the Hebrew text in Hebrew letters has been omitted, possibly on account of the difficulty in transcribing the characters. This omission need not, however, be greatly regretted, for the Hebrew text can be readily re-

stored by following the vocalized transcription which occupies the first column. We shall realize the importance of the discovery made by Signor Mercati when we remember that until now we have not possessed any complete or consecutive fragment of the Hexapla, nor one which comprised even a single verse of the Bible. Prof. S. R. Driver, in commenting upon this discovery in a recent number of the *Academy*, calls attention to the fact that its interest is twofold: first, as showing us, on a larger scale than we possessed before, the pronunciation of the Hebrew as it was heard by Origen in the third century; and, secondly, as giving us a number of continuous passages in the versions of Aquila, Symmachus and Theodotion such as we had before only in isolated verses. The entire group of fragments will be edited by Signor Mercati with as little delay as possible, and will contain the following Psalms: 17 (Heb. 18): 26-48; 27: 6-9; 28: 1-3; 29: 30: 1-10, 20-25; 31: 6-11; 34: 1, 2, 18-28; 36: 1-5; 45: 48: 1-8, 11-15; 58: 26-53. — *Independent*.

## CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

C. Edward Miles, M. D.

FOR a long time it had been our desire to see City Road Chapel, the sacred shrine of John Wesley, toward which every tourist in world-wide Methodism early turns when he first visits London. Its history had become so familiar and interesting that to look upon it and to stand within its portals has been one of the most gratifying events of our recent rapid European tour.

Our visit was on a week day, when we had time and opportunity for observation, and we received most courteous attention and much information from the sexton of the Chapel. It stands more than one hundred feet in the rear of City Road, with stately trees in front planted since Wesley's time. The parsonage stands to the right of the entrance from the street, and near by is a bronze statue of John Wesley on a granite pedestal, the work of the eminent sculptor, John Adams Acton, costing \$5,000. Near by is the monument to Susanna Wesley, the mother of John and Charles, whose grave is in Bunhill Fields, opposite the Chapel. At the rear of the Chapel is the first cemetery of Methodism, and here were buried John Wesley and many other of her earlier and most eminent dead.

In 1776 the Foundry, where Mr. Wesley first had a stated place of worship, was demolished, and soon after \$30,000 was secured and the site of the present City Road Chapel purchased, the street being known then as Royal Row. When the foundation-stone of the Chapel had been laid by Mr. Wesley, he stood upon it and preached to a great congregation from the text: "According to this time it shall be said, What hath God wrought!" (Numbers 23: 23.) On November 1, 1778, Mr. Wesley preached the opening sermon in City Road Chapel. He then said of the structure: "It is perfectly neat, but not fine." Then the father of Methodism had a following of less than 100,000; now there are many millions. Then the theology which made his "sect" distinctive and his methods peculiar were accepted by the few; today they have permeated the evangelical church the world over. Indeed, "What hath God wrought!"

In nearly six-score years City Road Chapel has of necessity been somewhat changed in its architecture, particularly in 1879, when it was partly destroyed by fire. The freehold of the property was not secured until 1864. Since that time \$175,000 has been raised and expended for the improvement of the property in various ways; but its recent historian assures us that "The Chapel is now substantially the same in its leading features as in the days of John Wesley." It is entered by three solid oak doors. The central door of the broad vestibule brings one in view of the pillars once supporting the galleries, historic as procured by Mr. Wesley from the dockyard by permission of King George III. Then there is one of the original foundation-stones mounted by a mahogany pedestal made from a portion of Wesley's pulpit and a statuette of Wesley.

Passing into the Chapel, the light softened by the beautiful stained-glass windows, the monuments and the many memorials to the pious and distinguished dead deeply impress the visitor that he is within a temple dedicated alike to the memory of eminent and devout followers of our great Master and the reverent worship of God.

The three chancel windows are the gift of the different sects of English Methodism. The seven monoliths of finished jasper, each placed on a base and crowned by a capital of Carrara marble, supporting the galleries, were contributed by various portions of the world's Methodism. The pews are of solid oak, unstained. The organ is a superior instrument, costing \$7,500. The pews beneath the chancel windows, the communion table and rail, and the pulpit, are the same as used by Wesley except that the pulpit has been lowered four feet. The gallery front is little changed from Wesley's time; the ceiling and roof have been raised a few feet, but the decoration of the ceiling is a reproduction of that which Wesley saw in his day. The baptismal font standing beside the organ stood in Madeley, the church of Fletcher, for a hundred years, and in front of the reading desk is his long-used study chair.

Facing the chancel we look upon the pillars of Aberdeen granite, standing on marble pedestals, with carved capitals of white marble of exquisite work, one a memorial to Rev. Dr. Waddy, the other to Rev. Richard Waddy. Then there are more than thirty memorial tablets upon the

walls of the chapel, engraved with the names of the Wesleys, Richard Watson, Adam Clarke, Jabez Bunting, Punshon, and others like them, whose work and sacrifices in the field of Methodism, in the Master's cause and for His sake, shall be kept in perpetual remembrance.

More stately shrines there are on European soil. St. Paul's has grander statuary and more costly sarcophagi, more massive pillars and lofty dome; Westminster Abbey tells the story of centuries, represents millions of wealth, is the mausoleum of poets, philosophers, statesmen, warriors and kings; but City Road Chapel, for situation, dimensions, monuments, memorials and appointments, it seems to us, as fitly commemorates the rise and progress of Methodism and its founder and his coadjutors and successors as do the great cathedrals of Europe's events and persons they are intended to commemorate and immortalize; and, to us, it has been a benediction to visit this shrine which we believe will ever be sacred to the followers of him whose sympathy and thought for human redemption were so large that he chose for his parish the world.

Boston Highlands.

## HOW WE DID IT.

[An O'er True Tale.]

H. E. H.

S PRUCETOWN isn't out of the world. So the call came to us. What call? Why, that loud-resounding call of the Missionary Society for the debt. Sprucetown members are much like the members of other churches, and so good Bro. Take-it-Easy said, "What does it matter? It isn't our debt any way." Bro. Upright thought "The society had no right to run the church into debt. I pay my own bills, why shouldn't they?" Sister Look-Out-for-your-Own very emphatically expressed her opinion that it would be time enough to send money to the heathen when everybody in your own town was converted; while Bro. Sharplook was of the idea that "If our money was not so often diverted from its proper channels, we should have more with which to pay our own bills."

Now Sprucetown Sunday-school was organized into a missionary society (as all good Sunday-schools ought to be). The superintendent was a man who believed that when Christ said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," He meant something by it. The pastor thought that work for missions was a legitimate part of church work, while the officers of the Sprucetown Sunday-school Missionary Society were one and all eager that their society should do their part towards paying off that debt. They put their heads together, and a plan was evolved by which Sprucetown should "stand and be counted."

I think I'll not tell you all the planning, but one Sunday little silk bags were passed to every member of the school present, and the announcement made that in three weeks there would be a missionary rally and all would be invited to return their bags, with a penny for each year of life — a thankful penny that their years were spent in a Christian land. Sister Snappy declared she would have nothing to do with such a scheme; and Bro. Hold-it-Tight said he agreed with Bro. Sharplook "about money being diverted from its proper channels." But the plan grew wondrously. Most of the teachers helped, and the scholars became more interested. The following Sunday it was discovered that somebody's muse in Sprucetown had been beguiled into perpetrating the following notice:

"August 18th is Missionary Day,  
And an offering free we ask each one to pay.  
It is sense you have, and cents we want,  
And that never a one shall say, 'I can't.'  
The largest, the smallest, the short and the tall,  
The youngest, the oldest, we ask one and all  
To bring us a penny for each year of age,  
The woes of the heathen thus help to assuage.  
Over and over again we have wondered,  
Are there not some who will then be a hundred?"

On inquiry, we learned that the muse had to be helped over hard places by another. Sprucetown Sunday-school has learned if she wants anything to keep agitating, so we all kept talking until the day arrived for our final effort.

Now I'll tell you of the rally. Each class was called by the superintendent, and, rising, gave some response to the call, after which one

of the class carried a basket containing the birthday bags of that class to the platform. The responses? Oh, some recited a text of Scripture in concert, some sang a missionary song, some selected one of their number to say a few words or to read a short sketch or to give a recitation, two of the classes of boys had exercises, and one gave some news from the various leading workers in the cause, by telephone. And then after the rally closed they counted their money; and when it was found they had nearly forty-five dollars, with more bags to hear from, the treasurer shouted out, "Thank the Lord" (and he couldn't have looked more pleased if the money had been his own); and the president said, "Thank the Lord;" and the by-standers said, "Amen."

And don't you think, we found that, according to the money in the bags, three of our number were a hundred years old — and we had never mistrusted it; and one man and his wife gave their ages as seventy-five, and nobody in Sprucetown will believe a word of it!

Don't you want to have a rally?

## Bishop Merrill's Mental Habit.

BISHOP MERRILL'S mentality is as nearly as may be dual. He is never without subjects of profound thought. He is able to drop one absolutely and attend wholly to another, and then at will to take up the former exactly where he left it; and this either with the rapidity of dissolving views or after intervals of days or months. This is a rare gift, or a wonderful acquisition. It is the ample explanation of his strength and fecundity as a writer. Stories are told of him while a pastor spending unreasonable time out of his study in desultory conversation with merchants and mechanics, at the same time he was preparing many and most able communications for the church press and building the reputation as thinker, logician, and writer, which resulted in his election to the editorship of the *Western Christian Advocate*. To see him in the stores, and to hear him talking on current topics, would be to rank him as an intelligent idler; to read his productions, would be to mark him as an earnest student, a profound thinker, an incessant worker. These apparently contradictory characteristics are reconciled by his marvelous power of attention, which superimposes upon Vulcan toiling at his forge, a wing-footed Mercury in the palaces of trade. . . . This power of concentration, exercised constantly upon great subjects; this ability at will to take up just where he left it on any line of previous thought and carry it on apparently with unbroken continuity, explains, also, the accuracy and the rapidity of his composition. A tradition lingers in the office of the *Western* that his editorial copy was not furnished complete, but went in page by page as written, without interlineation or erasure, and that the proof of the first page was often ready to be read when the last page of copy was finished. — *Western Christian Advocate*.

The story is told of Henry Ward Beecher that, although he did not read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when it appeared in serial form, he secured a copy of it when it came out as a book, and soon became so lost in it that he could not be induced to put it down. He carried it with him to the supper table that night and answered his family only in monosyllables when he was addressed. When bedtime arrived Mrs. Beecher retired alone and it was not until late in the morning that the great divine appeared, having devoured the entire story in the one night's reading. His only comment on finishing it was: "Well, if Harriet Beecher writes any more books like that she'll be the death of me."

New light is thrown on ancient Egyptian life by a collection of papyri, found in Egypt last winter, and now on exhibition at Burlington House, London. From these papyri it is possible to reconstruct much of the ancient life of the valley of the Nile 2,000 years ago; the difficulties of dealing with servants, duty on beer, rates, rents and taxes, are all indicated in this collection. Even a school-boy's copy-book has been preserved with his "lines" from a letter of the Emperor Hadrian, the exercise having been written as a punishment, and concluding with the approved Aesop manner with the reflection, "Thus does heaven ever bring the wicked to justice." Both boy and schoolmaster would have been greatly surprised could they have foreseen how long the record of their morning's work would last, and in what strange lands and tongues this unimportant incident of a day in school would be repeated. — *Interior*.

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## The Family.

"WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM."

Susan E. Gammons.

"We shall be like Him" — blessed thought!  
Alas! we are not like Him now.  
Less patiently we bear the cross,  
Less meekly do we suffer loss,  
Than He who our redemption bought  
With thorny crown on dying brow.  
"We shall be like Him" — blessed thought!

"We shall be like Him," free from sin;  
On Him temptation lost its power.  
We shall be pure, without a stain,  
When we that blissful state attain;  
Aye! pure without and pure within.  
In that ecstatic, longed-for hour  
"We shall be like Him," free from sin.

"We shall be like Him," glory-crowned,  
Immortal, clad in robes of light;  
Beyond the power of aught to harm,  
Beyond the sound of death's alarm,  
No more by limitations bound  
Of time and flesh and earthly sight —  
"We shall be like Him," glory-crowned.

"We shall be like Him;" yet I know —  
Within my soul it soundeth clear —  
We, somehow, must His image bear,  
We, some way, must His spirit share,  
Our lives must something of Him show,  
We must be like Him even here.  
If we would there His likeness know.  
Westport, Mass.

## Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

Teach me, my God and King,  
In all things Thee to see,  
And what I do in anything  
To do it as for Thee!

— George Herbert.

Disappointments are wings that bear the soul skyward. — Anon.

Let us do our duty, and pray that we may do our duty here, now, today; not in dreamy sweetness, but in active energy; not in the green oasis of the future, but in the dusty desert of the present; not in the imaginations of otherwhere, but in the realities of now. — Canon Farrar.

One who is doing his best is pretty sure to have this recognized; and one who is not doing his best may be equally sure that it will be known. A keen observer said, in passing a building that was in process of construction, "I can always tell whether those fellows are doing 'time-work' or 'piece-work.' In one case the blows of their hammers drag along slowly, and seem to say, 'By the day, by the day;' in the other case the hammers strike briskly, and say, 'By the job, by the job.' Consciously or unconsciously, our actions show to those around us the spirit that is prompting them. It is the work into which has gone the best life and energy of the worker that finally counts, in the sight of both God and men. — *E. S. Times.*

I would have gone; God bade me stay.  
I would have worked; God bade me rest.  
He broke my will from day to day;  
He read my yearnings unexpressed,  
And said me nay.

Now I would stay; God bids me go.  
Now I would rest; God bids me work.  
He breaks my heart tossed to and fro;  
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk  
And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where Thou sendest me!  
Day after day I plod and moil;  
But, Christ my Lord, when will it be  
That I may let alone my toll  
And rest with Thee?

— Christina Rossetti.

Let us take short views. Let us not climb the high wall till we get to it, or fight the battle till it opens, or shed tears over sorrows that may never come, or lose the joys and blessings that we have by the sinful fear that God will take them away from us. We need all our strength and all the grace God can give us for today's burdens and today's battle. Tomorrow belongs to our Heavenly Father. — Theodore Cuyler, D. D.

"A narrow place!" You know that place; you have been there, you will very likely be there again ere long; some of you may be there at this very moment. For it is not merely a defile away somewhere among the mountains to the east of Moab. It is a life passage in individual experiences — a time when there is no evading or escaping responsibilities; where we are brought face to face with some inevitable question. . . . Temptation is such a "narrow place." In the serious crises of the soul's history it is alone. It is a path on which there is room only for itself, and before it there is God. Between these two always the matter has to be settled. Yes or no is the hinge on which everything turns. Shall I yield and dishonor God, or shall I resist, and triumph in His might? There is no possible compromise; for compromise with sin is itself the most insidious form of sin. . . . No man can pass through these crises, and be after it precisely what he was before it. He has met God face to face, and he must be either the better or the worse for that. Either like Jacob, at

Peniel, he can say, "My life is preserved," or like Saul, after he had thrown off his allegiance to his God, he has to exclaim, "Jehovah has departed from me, and is become mine enemy." — William M. Taylor, D. D.

There is no key to affliction but a key that can unlock eternity also. This world has no compensation, but when we can take in another world, then there may be compensation. I can fancy if a grain of wheat had intelligence and a soul, and found itself buried in the cold, damp earth of spring, without light and heat, it might say, "Why am I thus? It is terrible to be underground, terrible to be in the dark. I am likely to decay." But in a few weeks the sprout is evolved, the blade has spread out, the stalk has expanded, the flowers are clad in beauty, the ripe grain is on the ear, and then there is the answer. Partial darkness and sorrow, if I might use the phrase, preceded growth, expansion, beauty, and fruit. So it may be with us. It seems to be God's order that night precedes the day, sorrow the joy, darkness the light. You may be in the valley, but God has a mountain-top for you; and I believe it is true in all lands, the deeper the valley the higher the mountain-peak. I believe it is true in all experience also, the deeper the sorrow the richer the joy. Christ's sorrows were greater than human sorrows, and His glory is greater than human glory. And when the revelator saw some bright spirits under the throne, and the question was asked, "Who are they up so high, who are just under the throne, and beside the fountain of glory?" the answer was, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Afflictions, then, become full of meaning, and to many a heart is realized the truth: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." — Bishop Simpson.

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN  
W. C. T. U. WORK.

Miss Jennie A. Stewart.  
Associate Editor *Union Signal.*

**A**T a National W. C. T. U. convention Miss Cassie Smith, the evangelist, told the story of her late beloved sister Lois, that rare spirit, who remarked on hearing of the women's war against the saloons in other places: "We are not in the Crusade, Cassie, but the Crusade is in us." "A gold nugget of expression," Miss Willard at once termed it, and it was quickly seized by the later recruits to the white-ribbon host.

Though not the daughter of a Crusader, it was the writer's good fortune to have been "brought up" in the "Crusade State," where the later echoes of that potent movement fell upon her listening ear in a call to enlist in Y work. A good W. C. T. U. mother, with daughters of her own, a woman highly esteemed for her culture and consecration, who had labored long in many "lines" of work, pressed with the burden of years, felt it borne in upon her that the young women of the city must be enlisted in the slow-moving work of annihilating the liquor traffic. She determined upon and was wonderfully successful in effecting the organization of a Y. W. C. T. Union.

The time was auspicious. A revival of great power had just been conducted, and many young hearts, touched with desire to serve the Master, responded readily to the call with, "Here am I." This was a touch of the "divine spark from the torch of the Crusade." They could say with the beloved evangelist, "We were not in the Crusade, but the Crusade was in us."

So the Y was started on a bed-rock of consecration, and in its retroactive influence blessed the active young workers who joined it from all the churches in the city. What a change in the current (of some at least) of the lives which were brought into its centre! Life assumed a breadth hitherto unthought of. The social instinct was turned to planning gatherings which should reach solitary lives and keep the tempted ones by placing about them the bulwark of the pledge. The ready brains were set to devising plans to spread the knowledge of alcoholic dangers and of Christ's love for the weak and tempted. Children in homes where wine was daily served were taught to detest and loathe the drink.

Perhaps the strongest and most blessed experience came through the work of the flower mission, which was conducted most systematically and helpfully. How content entered our hearts, and a hallowed pleasure at doing for others filled us with true joy! I well remember a poor dying consumptive in a low, unhealthy tenement situated in a hollow in the rear of a miserable block of stores. There were three rooms on the ground floor, one back of the other, but no light save from the front. On a bed in the dim middle room, devoid of comfort and loathsome in the extreme, with buzzing flies filling the air above the rude mosquito

canopy, lay the poor, emaciated child, with death's touch upon her face. She was too ill to taste the delicacies we brought her, and only faintly smiled at the fragrant flowers. A few days later word came that the tired spirit had flown. In that home of misery the drink was, as so frequently is the case, the source of destitution. Here were a drunken brute of a father, and a pale, weary mother, who, in memory of better days, desired a funeral and a hearse for her child. By soliciting among friends, who were ever ready to respond to a need, the hearse was procured. In the mission school where the little one had learned her lessons of Christ the simple service was performed, and the flower missionaries of the Y's sat with bowed heads as the prayerful words of the faithful old city missionary were uttered. Such experiences had a wonderful effect in molding the characters of the Y workers.

One of the levers in our well-planned work (the W. C. T. U. mother of the president had a hand in all the planning) was a kindergarten in a lowly portion of the city. That was before the board of education had voted these necessary adjuncts to public school equipment into the curriculum. And as we intended to hit "two birds with one stone" and have it an object lesson to the city fathers as well as a work of charity, we applied for a room in a public school building, and got it. Then we scoured the shanties and tenements in the neighborhood for scholars, often going for them in the morning and escorting them home at night. How our hearts rejoiced when we secured little ones from saloon homes, and children of the brewery laborers, and how gratified we were at the marked improvement in their manners and their enjoyment of our school. A mission Sunday-school was later inaugurated, which at the present time has over a hundred scholars, taught by the Y's and honorary members. There is a Wednesday prayer-meeting, and meetings for the mothers, who listen to good reading while making over garments for the children.

What has been the result? True, the taste for purely social pleasures may have diminished, and the minds and hearts of the young women filled instead with plans for the good work of the Y. In consecration, knowledge, and development of character alone, the harvest is incalculable. When God is in the heart there is a fullness which must overflow in good work. The young Christian with a desire to serve her Master, finds in the varied Y work of the W. C. T. U. opportunities for service which result as all Christian work must — in the strengthening and upbuilding of her own character. Its sure concomitant is the peace which passes all understanding, which gives life a sweet and pleasant savor, and proves a consolation in all times of trial.

Chicago, Ill.

## THREE GIRLS' PLANS.

**O**NLY one more week of my tiresome school work! How glad I shall be when it is done! It seems to me that the children in my room were never so dull and tiresome as they have been during the past two weeks."

"That is easily accounted for, my dear," said Lucy Dayne's mother, quietly. "The past two weeks have been the warmest and most trying of the spring. I am glad that, as you say, there is but one week of the term left; you look worn-out; but you will forget all about the annoyances and vexations of your school work when you go to your Uncle Frank's farm up there on those beautiful hills."

"So I shall," said Lucy, more cheerfully. "It is the most restful, charming place in the world."

"I like the lake shore best, and I'll be so glad when I'm there," said Lucy's sister Belle, looking up from the elaborate and voluminous dress skirt out of which she was pulling the basting threads. "Your school, Lucy, cannot be any more wearisome to you than this dressmaking is to me. I get so sick and tired of it that I wish we were as primitive in our dress as the South Sea Islanders."

"And I wish we had been created without any musical instincts," said Janet, stretching her arms up over her head and yawning wearily. "I do get so tired giving music-lessons. I thought that I should go wild today, trying to make Mrs. Warren's children understand the difference between a whole note and a quarter-note, they're just that stupid. I don't want to hear a note of music for the next two months, and I'm glad that there isn't a musical instrument of any kind in the mountain house in

which I'm going to spend my vacation. How smothering hot it is today!"

"Dreadful!" said Belle.

"Awful!" gasped Lucy.

"But there's quite a breeze, and I think that it must be several degrees cooler than it was yesterday," said Mrs. Dayne, cheerfully.

"Oh, you are only trying to make us think so, mother," said Belle, with a laugh that had a note of weariness in it. "You are either utterly indifferent to atmospheric conditions, or else you keep silent regarding your feelings in order to keep your courage up. I never in my life heard you complain about the heat, or the cold, or, indeed, about anything else. Your windows always open toward Jerusalem."

"Do you think so, dear? When you are my age, girls, you will know, as I know, that all complaint is useless, and that it is best to accept God's ordering of all things in cheerfulness and silence. But I must go out and set the table for tea. It is time you weary workers were having your supper."

She left the room, and Lucy threw herself at full length on a lounge, while Janet dropped wearily into an easy-chair with fan in her hand. Belle began running up a long seam on her machine, and there was no sound for ten minutes but that made by the machine. Then Belle clapped the cover over the top of her machine and said:

"There! that ends my work for any one but myself until I come home from my vacation. There are sixteen bothersome buttonholes to be made in this dress, but mother will make them. I hate making buttonholes worse than I hate anything else on this created earth. I'd give up dressmaking and go out and scrub for a living if I had the buttonholes to make, but mother does them so beautifully and so willingly."

"Mother does everything so willingly," said Lucy, quietly.

"And beautifully," added Janet.

There was another silence of ten minutes, while Belle carefully looked over the completed dress to make sure that not a stitch was missing. Wearisome as her work was, she did it faithfully.

A sudden breeze, cool and grateful, came in at one of the open windows, and Lucy sat up on the lounge and turned her flushed face toward the window. Her face wore an unusually thoughtful look. She sighed once and then again so audibly that Janet looked toward her and said:

"Dear me, Lucy! How extremely lugubrious you are! Are you afraid that you won't be re-elected to your delightful position as teacher in the Hillsborough Grammar School when the board meets again?"

"If you heard what the principal said today about my last year's work, you'd think I was likely to be re-elected with an increase of salary. I was thinking of mother."

"Of mother?"

"Yes, and of her — vacation."

Both Janet and Belle looked up in surprise, and Janet said:

"Mother's vacation? What do you mean, Lucy?"

"It does sound rather strange to hear or to think of mother having a vacation, doesn't it? Let me see, when did she have her last outing? You're older than the rest of us, Belle; can you remember anything about mother ever having a vacation?"

Belle looked somewhat confused and said a little blantly:

"No, I can't. I never even heard her say that she wanted one."

"You never will hear her say it, dear, patient, uncomplaining mother!" said Lucy, with tender fervor. "But she's going to have one this summer."

"Has she said so?" asked Janet.

"No, but I say so," replied Lucy. "It has dawned upon my consciousness in some occult way that mother has never had a vacation within my remembrance. I don't know why I have never thought of it before. I don't know why I have thought of it now, but I have thought of it with shame and sorrow."

Janet clasped her hands around her knee and leaned forward, listening eagerly, while Lucy continued:

"We girls have been away from four to six weeks every summer, and mother has stayed here at home alone, taking advantage of our absence to clean house and engaging in such exhilarating recreation as canning fruit. Probably the idea of a vacation for herself has never occurred to her. She would be sure to offer the house-cleaning and the fruit-canning as an unsurmountable objection if we proposed the vacation to her."

"How are you going to manage about then?"

"I'm going to buy a round-trip ticket for her before I say a word about it. She'll

have to use the ticket once it is bought and paid for."

"Where do you intend having her go?"

"Back to her old home in New Hampshire."

"Why, Lucy!" exclaimed both of her sisters in the same breath. The three girls knew that a visit to the home of her childhood had been the cherished dream and hope of their mother's life.

She had spoken of it often and hopefully before her husband's death, but since that sorrowful time she had spoken of it no more. She had given it up as sweetly and uncomplainingly as she had given up many of the other hopes of her life. There had been little time to spend in vain regrets after Mr. Dayne's death, for he had left his family almost penniless, and Belle, the eldest, was but fourteen years old at the time of her father's death. The three girls could remember years of toil and privation and self-sacrifice, borne cheerfully for their sakes, before they were old enough to add anything to the family income.

"But it will take all of your vacation money to send mother away back to New Hampshire," said Janet.

"I know it," said Lucy, cheerfully. "I simply propose to stay at home myself. Fruit-canning and house-cleaning will be mere pastime when compared with school-room work."

"And you'll not have it to do alone," said Janet, brightly, "for I'll stay with you."

"No, you needn't," said Lucy. "My vacation money will pay mother's car fare, sleeping-car and all."

"Yes, but it won't leave any margin for new clothes," said Janet; "and if you think that as pretty a little lady as our mother is going back to her friends in her old dresses, you're greatly mistaken. She's going just as spick-and-span as my vacation money can make her. She's going to have a pretty new traveling dress and a handsome black dress. I guess that the self-sacrificing spirit there is in this family isn't centred in you, Miss Lucy."

"No, indeed," said Belle, "I am going to lay claim to the possession of a little of that quality myself. You and Lucy shall not have all the honor and glory there is in this delightful little scheme. I'm going to stay at home with you, and my money can be used for the things vaguely and indefinitely referred to as 'incidental expenses.' There will be plenty of such expenses outside the cost of mother's ticket and wardrobe."

"But you really need a vacation," said Janet.

"And I'm going to have one at home. I shall not take another stitch of work until September, and I can have a restful, quiet time here at home. The thoughts of the beautiful time mother is having will be a source of constant vigor and joy. How or why we have been so selfish and heedless as not to have thought of this before, is a wonder and a reproach to me."

Mrs. Dayne's footsteps were heard in the hall outside at that moment, and Lucy held her finger on her lips, and when Mrs. Dayne came into the room, her daughters were silent and in the attitude in which she had left them.

"It must be a complete 'sprise,' as we used to say when we were children," said Janet, when she and Lucy were in their own room that night. "We'll go downtown in the morning and buy the railroad ticket and the new dresses and other things before we tell mother anything about it. Then she'll have to go."

The next day was Saturday, and the three girls went down-town together soon after breakfast. It was dinnertime before they returned. A great many bundles arrived at the house during the afternoon. The opening of them drew forth a good many exclamations of surprise from Mrs. Dayne. "Why, Janet," she said, as Janet unrolled a package of fine, soft dark gray cloth. "Is that for yourself? You will look like a little Quaker maiden in it. I thought that you had set your heart on a navy-blue and white India silk."

"Fickle-mindedness has ever been one of my weaknesses, mother dear," said Janet, lightly.

"It would seem so," said Mrs. Dayne, with increased surprise, as Janet cut the cord around another bundle and allowed yards of pretty black India silk with small lavender figures to fall from her lap to the floor.

"Isn't it lovely?" asked Janet.

"It's beautiful, dear, but—but—well, I want you to have it if you prefer it, but I really think that the blue and white silk would have been more becoming to a young girl."

"However, if you—why, Belle, are you getting sober-minded, too? The shape and trimmings of this bonnet would be more becoming to an old lady like myself than to you."

"You're not an old lady," said Belle, with an affected show of indignation. "Let me see how the bonnet looks on you."

She placed the bonnet on her mother's pretty gray hair, and the three girls gave utterance to a chorus of delight.

Janet draped the folds of the India silk from her mother's waist, and Lucy threw a pretty cape around her mother's shoulders.

"You look nice enough to be presented at court," said Janet. "Your New Hampshire relatives will have no cause to be ashamed of your appearance."

"There! You've told!" said Lucy. "I'm going to tell the rest now. Look at this, mother!"

Lucy held up a long printed strip of green and yellow pasteboard, with the words "Chicago," "Buffalo," "Boston," in big, black letters.

"It's a complete 'sprise,' isn't it, mother dear?" said Lucy, when Mrs. Dayne had dropped into a chair with tear-dimmed eyes and almost speechless lips.

"You're not a bit happier over it than we are. No vacation pleasure we could have had could nearly equal the pleasure we are going to get from your outing."

This proved to be true. There were almost daily letters from Mrs. Dayne, telling of the happy, restful times she was having, and of her gratitude to her "dear girls" for the sacrifice they had made that she might have an outing of her own.

"Hereafter," said Lucy, after reading one of these letters, "mother shall share our outings, or we will stay at home with her. I've had more pleasure thinking of the good time she must be having in her childhood home than I could have had out of any vacation trip." — *Household.*

#### A LEGEND.

There is a legend he that runs may read,  
That when a little child was called away  
To make heaven brighter, sore disquieted,  
The mother's tears kept falling day by day.

In vain for her that the soft touch of spring  
Changed the chill white world to a living  
green,  
That robins sang and skies were welcoming,  
And on the hills ten thousand flowers were  
seen.

God tried to help her, but she listened not;  
He touched her gently, but she drew away;  
He swung a censer of forget-me-not  
Between her and her helpless agony.

"Twas all in vain, for still the mother wept,  
Until at length in dreams through the dark  
hours  
She wandered far where the lost gems are kept  
Within the country of the fableless flowers.

And as she journeyed to her side there came  
The same lost darling that she thought was  
dead,  
Bearing a heavy pitcher full of tears;  
They carry every tear that mothers shed.

"Twas such a heavy burden, and the child  
Chid the mother for its weary weight,  
And begged her for her sake be reconciled;  
O'erburdened, heaven itself was desolate.

She caught the precious darling to her heart,  
And threw the heavy burden far away;  
Wandered together in green fields apart  
And heard the songs of wondrous melody.

And when she waked she dried her weeping  
eyes,  
Bathed her hot cheeks; no teardrop lingered  
there  
Lest it might grieve the child in Paradise  
And add a weight she was too small to bear.

Perhaps some heart bereaved may read these  
lines.

God help these, dear, to Him be reconciled;  
They little one is safe with Him betimes,  
Oh, lift the burden from the heavenly child!

— *NELLY HART WOODWORTH, in Boston Journal.*

#### About Women.

— Miss Hattie M. Waterbury, of Chipley, Florida, has been appointed a notary public for the State at large, by Governor Mitchell. Among other legal acts, she can perform the marriage ceremony.

— Mrs. Livermore's book, "The Story of My Life," will be published by A. D. Worthington, of Hartford. Mrs. Livermore has been making a compilation of some of her most popular lectures, rewriting some of them almost entirely.

— The Massachusetts W. C. T. U. are expecting to open this fall a social settlement to be called the Willard Y Settlement. It is to be in one of the lodging-house districts of Boston, and the design is to use the lower front room as a library, rest or reading-room, for the free use of all the young ladies in the vicinity. This is to be open on Sunday as well as through the week, and there is to be a special evangelistic service held every Sunday afternoon. Luncheon will be served in an adjoining room, and it is hoped that this will be one of the sources of revenue.

The second story front room is to be furnished for classes, lectures and entertainments, and is to be the headquarters of the Boston Y. The remaining rooms will be fitted up neatly and rented to young girls whose pay does not exceed \$5 a week. These rooms, including board and laundry, will be given them for \$3 a week. This plan is endorsed by the executive committee of the State W. C. T. U., and the work will be begun as soon as the requisite one thousand dollars is raised. Four residents are ready to enter into the work—Miss Caswell, house manager; Miss Lizzie Chapman, of Charlestown, business manager; Miss Anna Rose; and a cousin of Miss Willard, Miss Rilla Norton, who will be evangelistic superintendent.

— Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher celebrated her 84th birthday, Aug. 26, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Scoville, at West Cornwall, Conn. She is in quite vigorous health. Last year she took a long journey to the West alone, spending her birthday with her youngest son, Herbert Foote Beecher, at Port Townsend, on Puget Sound, Washington. Her home in Brooklyn is a three-story and basement house at Orange and Hicks Sts. The rooms are filled with reminiscences of the prominent life of her husband. Her table is situated in a sunny bay-window, and so placed that when at work she can get a good view of Plymouth Church near by. The walls are covered with photographs of the Beecher family for generations back, and the kindly features of her husband look down from the wall in dozens of pictures, taken at every period in his life. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were married in 1837. Seven years previous young Beecher met Miss Eunice White Bullard, who was destined to become his wife, in her home at West Sutton, Mass. He was then a freshman in Amherst College, and only seventeen years old. He spent the vacation at the

home of the Bullards on the invitation of a son of the family, who was Beecher's classmate. The engagement followed soon after. When they were married Mr. Beecher was twenty-three years old and his bride twenty-four.

#### Boys and Girls.

##### THE YOUNG FARMER.

Frank H. Sweet.

CHARLIE ADAMS never felt any uncertainty about what he was going to be.

Long before he discarded short trousers he was in the habit of telling any one who would listen to him that he meant to be a farmer and have horses and cattle, and raise things. And unlike many who are eager to tell what they intend to be, Charlie accompanied theory with practice from the first. When he was seven years old he had a corner of the flower-garden for his very own, and he insisted on putting in his seeds, and transplanting his geraniums and verbenas and asters, and doing all his weeding and cultivation, without help from anybody. When he was ten he was in the habit of saving his pennies to buy seeds and plants, and before he was twelve he had branched out into lettuce and tomatoes and radishes, and other small vegetables.

"It's the most curious thing I ever heard of," declared Mrs. Adams to an intimate friend, "he seems to be possessed with a mania for planting. I can't imagine where he gets it from, for none of his father's people nor mine were ever farmers, that I know of. We have tried to laugh it out of him, but sakes! he don't mind. Already he is beginning to puzzle his father with some of his odd questions."

"Well, I don't believe I'd try to change him," said the friend, quietly. "Boys with hobbies generally come out all right. If Charlie isn't meant to be a farmer, he'll outgrow it after awhile."

The Adams house was very small and unpretentious. There was a tiny lawn and two or three trees in front, and in back was a half-acre or so of garden which bordered on one of the side streets. Mr. Adams rarely visited this part of his lot; he was a clerk in a large drug-store on the other side of the town, and had no time for gardening.

But as he grew older Charlie redeemed more and more of this half-acre from the sturdy grasp of the weeds and briars. When he was thirteen he had at least two-thirds of it in lettuce and other small vegetables. What on earth he was going to do with it all, Mrs. Adams said, she didn't know; but it amused the boy, and perhaps he would be able to feed it to the chickens and ducks he was already beginning to raise.

During the summer Seapoint was a popular shore resort; the hotels were generally full, and there were many wealthy cottagers along the rocks.

One day as Charlie was hoeing among his lettuce plants he heard a carriage coming down the side street. As it came opposite him it stopped and one of the occupants called:—

"What nice lettuce heads you have, little boy! Are they for sale?"

Charlie walked to the fence.

"N-no, I don't know's they are," he said, doubtfully. "I hadn't thought about it. You see, I just grow 'em because I like to."

"But you have such a lot of them," the lady urged, "and they are so much nicer than my grocer brings me. I think you can spare me a dozen. I will pay you five cents apiece."

Charlie's face flushed.

"Yes'm, I can let you have them," he said, quickly, "but I don't believe they're worth that."

"Oh, yes, they are; everybody charges five cents, and yours are extra nice." She looked smilingly over the garden. "I see you have a nice little bed of beets and carrots and onions, and—yes, I do believe that is parsley and celery over there in the corner. I am very fond of celery tops in my soup. Could you not spare me some of each, say three or four bunches of beets and carrots and onions, and some celery and parsley, every other day? You could bring them down to my cottage—Stonycroft, you know. Your vegetables would be perfectly fresh, and it is difficult to get fresh ones here."

Charlie's eyes were sparkling now. What would Tom and Harry and Jim, and even his older sister Florence, say to this? Certainly, they would never laugh at him any more. Only, he would not tell them just yet. Some day he would make their eyes open in astonishment by coming up the street with a brand-new bicycle. And he

would buy more seeds, and would not forget to get a present for sister Molly, who never laughed at him.

"Do you think you can spare them?" the lady asked again.

"Oh, yes'm! I beg your pardon," Charlie said, confusedly. "I—I was just thinking. You see, I hadn't ever thought of raising things to sell—at least, not till I was a man." He hesitated a moment, and then added: "And—and after awhile I expect to have some nice beans and tomatoes and cauliflower, if you want some."

The lady smiled and nodded, and then motioned for her coachman to drive on. Charlie watched her until the carriage turned into Main Street, then he went over his garden and carefully selected the best beets and carrots and onions he could find. These he washed and bunches until they looked almost exactly like the bunches he had seen in the village market. Two days later he did the same thing, and he kept it up until the beets and carrots and onions gave out. But by that time some of the snap beans were ready to pick, and over in the corner near the celery four or five heads of cabbage were beginning to feel hard. When Charlie apologized for his scarcity of vegetables, the lady smiled and told him not to mind, she would take what he had to spare and get the rest from her grocer—only she liked his best.

At home they did not seem to be aware of what was going on. Tom and Harry were at work in a hotel as bell boys, and Jim was on the streets most of the time selling papers; and one day when Tom reported that he had seen Charlie going down a side street with a basket of vegetables, Mrs. Adams laughed and remarked that he was probably trying to earn something to pay for more seeds.

By the middle of August all the vegetables were gone except a small patch of late turnips which he had sown in July, and which were not yet ready to pull. Most of his spare time was now spent in digging a pit in a sheltered corner which he proposed to cover with window sash. In September he intended to plant cabbage and lettuce and cauliflower seeds, and winter the plants in the cold frame for early setting in the spring. Before this was finished it was time for him to begin school, and then he only had such moments as he could get from his chores for his garden work.

Winter came early, and by the middle of November there was a thick layer of snow on the ground. One evening as Charlie entered the kitchen he heard his father and mother talking in low tones in the sitting-room.

"There! that will pay the rent and buy the winter's coal; and there will be two or three dollars for a cheap dress for you. I wish it was more."

"But your overcoat, dear?" Mrs. Adams expostulated.

"Never mind that. I have worn my old one ten years, and it will do for another season. And we must be thankful that all the children are well and we are out of debt. It has been a good year. But here they come."

Charlie lay awake for a long time that night. He had saved more than half enough money for his bicycle. Another year, and he would be able to buy that and a nice overcoat for his father. But somehow he did not feel entirely satisfied when he went to sleep.

They had breakfast at seven o'clock, and a few mornings later when Mr. Adams rose from the table and went into the hall after his overcoat and hat, Charlie suddenly turned red and began to play confusedly with his knife and fork.

Presently there was an exclamation of surprise, then:—

"Wife, whose fine overcoat is this? I cannot find mine."

There was a sudden stampede to the hall, but no one seemed able to explain until Florence found a piece of paper with her father's name and address pinned to the back of the coat.

"My! my!" said Mr. Adams, wonderingly, as he put on the garment and buttoned it up around his neck. "Isn't this fine? I don't suppose any of you children know me now. But, really, it is the best overcoat I ever owned. Where could it have come from?"

"Perhaps Uncle Phineas bought it," suggested Florence; "it is your birthday, you know, papa." Then she caught sight of Charlie's tell-tale face, and pounced on him eagerly; and then there was an explosive explanation, accompanied by much wonder and incredulity and rapture, followed by a general handshaking and—need I say it? — a few happy tears.

Peace Dale, R. I.

## Editorial.

## HAPPINESS AND GREATNESS.

IT is of no use for a person who is not habitually happy to count himself either very good or very great; for his gloom convicts him as lacking in faith and hope and love. And most surely no one amounts to much who does not excel in all three of these things. They are fundamental to high character. Little goodness without much love; and he in whom love abounds will certainly be glad, for in making others happy he cannot fail to be happy himself. Little goodness if faith be small; for faith puts us in touch with God, who is the sole source of virtue, and a vigorous faith scatters the clouds, making sunshine in the soul. The man whose hope is scanty, who looks on the dark side of things and takes sad views, will, of course, be sad, and must, to some degree, be bad, for he disregards the commandment of God who says, "Rejoice." And as to true greatness, Christ settles that, and rules out the unhappy by putting the crown on those who serve. They who are occupied in genuine ministration to the needs of others have so little time or disposition to think of self, that it is impossible for them to be unhappy.

## GOD OUR DWELLING PLACE.

HE who dwells in God need feel no uneasiness as to the permanence of his habitation, for it knows no decay. He will not be alarmed at the assault of enemies, whatever their number, for the pavilion of the Most High is an impregnable fortress. He will have no occasion to seek comfort or ease elsewhere, for the perfect appointments of this magnificent palace leave nothing to be desired. When locked in the privacy of this delightful home he can throw off all restraint, lay bare his breast, and tell out his secrets. It is the hallowed spot where he can lavish his love and give full play to every right affection. How glorious a dwelling-place is God — rest for the weary, joy for the sorrowing, strength for the weak! Who find in Him their habitation? "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God." "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God dwelleth in God." "He that keepeth His commandments dwelleth in Him." "Hereby know we that we dwell in Him because He hath given us of His Spirit." Love, faith and obedience — three forms of the one essential thing, thorough loyalty to the Lord — give us clear title to this mansion, in the skies and on the earth, here and hereafter, the same yesterday, today and forever. "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

## LOVE THE PROPELLING POWER FOR MISSIONS.

THE test of discipleship is prompt obedience to the will of Jesus Christ. "Ye are My disciples if ye do whatsoever I command you." But prompt obedience can spring only from hearts that are afire with divine love. The Master said: "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." He knew that sustained obedience could spring only from ardent love, and so He made obedience the evidence that love existed. When Paul and his co-workers were accused of being beside themselves in their zeal to bring men to Christ, the answer was, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

The only motive power that can send men into the world with unselfish motives to save their fellows is divine love shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. In the absence of this element of power there may be zeal and an appearance of genuine earnestness, but it will not be long sustained, and, while it exists, will be prompted by selfish motives. A minister may exhibit great industry and zeal in his calling, prompted only by an ambition to be a popular preacher on sensational themes and a desire to secure promotion and renown. There is grave reason to fear that the ministry is, in not a few instances, regarded too much as a mere profession in which popularity, position, and even salary, are the goal, rather than the salvation of perishing men. So, also, may laymen show zeal for the local church with which they are connected, and hold important official positions, while they are destitute of concern about the salvation of souls. But where there is a genuine, deep, and all-pervading love for God and man, there will be a sustained zeal in the work of God that will not regard place, or honor, or popularity, or local success, as the goal, but will find satisfaction only in turning men from

sin to holiness. This love is something higher than domestic affection, patriotism or philanthropy. It is that element which constitutes the very nature of God; for God is love. A man may be devoted to his family and country, and rise to the plane of philanthropic effort desiring to better the temporal conditions of the entire race, and still fall far below the plane upon which Jesus Christ lived and acted when in the form of man He dwelt on the earth and went about doing good. Jesus said: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." It was love that caused Jesus to say, "I lay down My life for the sheep." Thrilled by this truth, Paul exclaimed, passionately, "He loved me and gave Himself for me." When the souls of ministers and laymen are permeated by this divine gift of love, they see this world somewhat as Christ sees it, and feel towards this world somewhat as Christ feels, and out of the very depths of their being they joyfully proclaim with one of the old prophets, "Here am I; send me!" When this divine power fills the heart and aways the life, there is a quick and hearty response to the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." No one possessed by this heaven-inspired principle will attempt to draw a line between home and foreign missions, claiming to favor the former while he opposes the latter. Love knows no geographical lines, but yearns for the salvation of the brother who lives at the other side of the world as intensely as for the one who lives on the other side of the street.

Now where this love for Jesus Christ and souls exists, it will manifest itself. It is a fire that, shut up in the heart, will break out in flaming seal. It will devise plans for effective effort. It will avail itself of every possible method of usefulness. It will make a home missionary of one and a foreign missionary of another, and inspire missionary activity in all. All will pray earnestly, work diligently, and give liberally, for the speedy evangelization of the whole world.

Recently Bishop Thoburn provoked criticism by saying that there are probably fifteen hundred thousand members in the Methodist Episcopal Church that give nothing to the cause of missions. It is claimed by the critic that many who do not give personally are represented in the gifts of others, as when parents give for their children. It is doubtless true that there is considerable so-called representative giving, but it may be doubted whether in some instances these representative givers really give, all told, as much as they ought to properly represent themselves. Besides, representative giving is not giving at all so far as the one represented is concerned. Nothing is giving that is not done knowingly and willingly. Giving should be done intelligently, willingly and adequately. This being true, it is more than probable that the Bishop is not outside the mark in his estimate.

But whether the estimate is beyond or this side of the actual number of non-givers, it remains true that the number in the church that give nothing and do nothing for the cause of missions is alarmingly large, and should be a source of great concern to all who are anxious to see the kingdom of God come with power.

Recently the missionary secretaries appealed to the nearly three million members of the Methodist Episcopal Church to make a special offering for the liquidation of the debt upon the treasury amounting to \$220,000. On the day set apart as Debt-paying Day, July 26, less than one pastoral charge in five responded. True, the times are hard, and the date, though the most favorable that could have been chosen, all things considered, was somewhat unpropitious; yet if the whole church, pastors and people, had been thoroughly animated with that love that caused Jesus to redeem our race by the shedding of His blood, all difficulties would have been overcome, all needful self-denial would have been practiced, and the debt would have been paid.

Brother pastor, if you have not had a Debt-paying Day, fix one, and call upon your people to show their love for Christ and souls by making a special offering, and thus relieve the Missionary Society from debt and give it increased efficiency for sending the Gospel throughout the whole world. The 31st day of October closes the fiscal year of the Missionary Society. Before that day arrives, let every pastoral charge in the New England Conferences send to the missionary office a special offering, and by so doing give practical evidence of their love for Christ and humanity.

## Death of Rev. A. F. Herrick.

THE departure of Rev. Austin F. Herrick from the scene of his earthly toils and trials removes from the New England Conference one who was long held in honor as a true and faithful minister of the Lord Jesus, and cherished as a friend and brother beloved. He was reared on our own soil. Born in one of our mountain towns, he was early converted and felt inwardly moved to devote his life to the work of the ministry. To prepare himself for the great work he secured such education as was within his reach, and joined the England Conference in 1853. His first charge was Buckland, on the banks of the Deerfield River, where he remained two years, making a good beginning. From Buckland he went to Ashburnham, one of the oldest charges in the Conference, where again he remained two years. In 1873 he returned to this church to find a group of his old friends remaining who, with those added later, cordially welcomed him to his former field of labor. He held during his ministry such other charges as Salem, Medford, Ipswich, Chelsea (Mount Beltingham), Spencer, Worcester (Coral St.), Gloucester, Newton Upper Falls, and Marlboro. In all these churches he performed faithful service and was favored with good results. Though not in the strict sense a revival preacher, he gathered sheaves on every field, and on some goodly shocks. Many in the last day will rise up to call him blessed. He was an eminent good man, consecrated to God and devoted to his work in the ministry. Though his piety was earnest and devout, he was never carried by any enthusiasm or hobby; he preached the whole Gospel and continued devotedly at his task through his entire ministry. So level a man could never be jostled from his purpose by new fads and ideas. He was devotedly attached to the church of his choice; he believed her doctrines and approved her usages. He was not one of those given to new things or to the making of church repairs. He admired the old building as constructed by the founders and passed on to us by their successors. In his simplicity of purpose, his devotion to one work, his exalted ideal and earnest endeavor to reach the evangelical standard, he was a model for the young minister.

The last ten years of his life were years of affliction and sickness. The silver notes of his voice were silenced, and he was called from the harvest-field long before the sun-setting. But though chastened, he was not destroyed; sorrow revealed more clearly the grace of God that was in him. At eventide there was light and a tranquil acquiescence in the will of God. He long abode in the land of Beulah, in the clear sunlight, where the birds sang and summer continued through the year. The death of such a man was a translation. Though sleeping, he is not dead; he has passed on into the holy ranks of saints and angels to abide forever in the city of God. Though dead, he still survives in the good work he did in the Conference, and especially in the two noble sons he gave to her ministry, and who, like their father, are devoting the strength of their manhood to the pastoral service. Besides the children, he leaves a wife, a model woman, who in all these years has been a genuine and efficient helper in guiding and shaping his household and in giving sympathy and support to him in his work. Blessed are those permitted to cherish the memory of such a husband, father, friend, and saint of God!

## A Masterly Utterance that Should Become Authoritative.

BISHOP VINCENT said to the Colorado Conference at its recent session at Leadville: —

"I believe that no excuse, except illness, ought to be accepted by an Annual Conference for delinquency in the ministerial course of study. The man who does not or will not study the books assigned in this course is not fit for the ministry in our church. We need in our itinerant work students with trained intellects, who are acquainted with the Bible, who know how to master great books, how to make noble sermons, how to deal with men. From all the churches come applications for pastors of intelligence and culture. The needs of the age require educated men — men who, whether they have been through college or not, have learned how to study, how to get knowledge, how to guide the inquiring mind — who are 'apt to teach.' Our undergraduates, and those who are thinking of undertaking the duties of the itinerancy, ought to understand that they must apply themselves to their books, they must cultivate a liking for theological and biblical and literary study, or else abandon the hope of securing or maintaining a place in our ministry."

No more important word has been spoken by a Bishop to an Annual Conference. He is a poor student of Methodism who has not been forced to see that, with all our success for which we are so profoundly grateful, we are not producing preachers to meet the demand of this thoughtful and enlightened age. We are not pessimistic, but we dare not write out all that we have seen and heard of this matter. It is enough to say that in our patronizing Conferences it is becoming increasingly difficult to secure the men who have the preaching ability needed for our leading churches. The Macedonian cry is heard within all our borders for ministers who can sustain themselves in the pulpit.

The appeal from devout laymen for relief in this respect is plaintive and pitiful. They tell us of the colossal men who stood in our pulpits a quarter of a century ago in New England, and ask why we are not developing such men today. Bishop Vincent apprehends the situation, and voices the need with splendid courage.

Several causes have conspired to bring about this degeneracy in the pulpit. We have not kept steadily before us, as the simple and inex-

orable standard of ministerial success, the ability to preach the Gospel intelligently and with power. Our ministers as a whole are indifferent to the demands of the study, and do not make proper preparation to preach. Too many seek to get on by an excess of pastoral visiting and by sensational methods; or, as a last resort to cover a failure, an evangelist is called in to produce an appearance of apparent success and to divert the attention of the church from real conditions and results. With such inadequate preaching in our cities and larger towns, our churches are weakening most signalily in the quality of our membership. Intelligent men and women, who hunger for the thoughtful and forcible presentation of the Gospel — and who are entirely right in demanding such preaching — are drawn away from our churches to listen to ministers who make studious and diligent preparation for their pulpits.

We are not describing fancied or exceptional conditions, but the general situation among us. One of our most thoughtful ministers, who has been studying the question specially of late, said to us last week with great sadness: "Our pulpit has lost its hold upon the general public. We are no longer developing the strong preacher."

The case calls for radical measures of reform. As the ministry is responsible for the situation, it must work out the needed change. The stress must be put back upon the pulpit. "To rightly divide the word of truth" must be the chief concern of our preachers. Days and nights must be given to the preparation of sermons. When Jesus was so greatly exercised for the success of those whom He had chosen to carry on His work, He broke out with this urgent exhortation: "Sanctify them through the truth; Thy word is truth." Exegetical preaching — the opening up and unfolding of the Scriptures as a specialist, and the application of revealed truth to the thoughts and intents of men under the nurturing influences of the Holy Spirit — is the power of God unto salvation. There is not, nor can there be, any equivalent or substitute for the comprehensive and searching presentation of the verities of the Bible. "Woe to me," exclaimed Paul, "if I preach not the Gospel;" but he brooded over, prayed to, and lived with, Christ until he always had a gospel to preach. Whatever else the minister does, or does not do, he must unalterably secure the time to prepare his sermons. Everything else must wait upon that obligation, because, above all things and first of all duties, he is called to preach the Gospel. It is an offence to men and to God to stand in the pulpit without having made laborious and conscientious effort to utter the right message.

Nothing need be added to Bishop Vincent's wise word about the proper guarding of the door of the Annual Conference. His utterance only needs courageous enforcement throughout the church. We should be more careful in the selection of men for the ministry; and, as he says, if the candidates do not meet the condition by cultivating studious habits and by creditably performing the preparatory work put upon them, better for them, much better, as it is infinitely better for the church, to let them drop out at once by the way. Brethren in the ministry, we beseech you, give earnest heed to these things!

## An Urgent Protest.

THE following communication is received from a prominent layman in our midst, a generous and loyal representative of the denomination. He writes under the propulsion of a deep conviction that the baneful practice to which he calls attention is a great humiliation and harm to the church. We have often experienced the chagrin and pain which he felt, and from a like cause. We trust that his wise and urgent words will result in inaugurating an immediate reform in the matter. Our correspondent writes: —

"I wish I could say what I think ought to be said to our Methodist public, and still have it very clear that no personal reference is in my thought and no personal criticism in my heart. At any rate, I assert this unequivocally."

"I was one of a large audience on last Sunday evening, in one of our well-known summer resorts, where two Bishops were upon the platform, and speeches were made in the interest of the work to which one of them is specially assigned. In these speeches panegyric flattery, praise by name, were so heaped upon these men, before their faces, that I wondered they did not leave the platform. By name they were so fulsomely lauded and praised that a feeling of disgust was aroused in many hearers, and a distant created almost amounting to nausea. This is not the first time I have listened to like praise, to their faces, of dignitaries of our church. It was undignified, in bad taste, and I must think, to a person of refinement, as these men are, must be exceedingly humiliating.

"What must any person of delicacy have thought of the methods, of the taste, of the dignity of our church? What is the effect of such an evening on our boys and girls? Does not such an exhibition of cheap-Jack oratory, help to maintain the opinion that the M. E. Church is composed of common people of no education or refinement? Can we not express an appreciation of our leaders without such an exhibition of what would seem to outsiders to be acynophany? Is it not time to put our public performances on a level of better taste?"

Gentleness is sometimes confounded with weakness. The two are very far apart. When power is made soft by the sweetness of love there is gentleness. There need be no lack of vigor associated with it. Gravity of manner may, and should, go with much strength of deed. Under the velvet glove the hand of steel, and the steel so tempered and trained that it can touch delicately,

## Personals.

We are happy to announce that Mr. Everett O. Fish has returned from his trip abroad, and seems much improved in health.

Rev. L. P. Chase, of Derby, Vt., has been obliged to give up his work for a time, and will take a much-needed rest at Clifton Springs.

Dean Marcus D. Buell and Mrs. Buell have returned from their trip abroad. Dr. Buell reports that his vacation was unusually enjoyable and interesting.

Rev. Dr. Julius Soper, who has been on a furlough for about a year, will sail for Japan this month. He has been appointed professor in our theological school at Aoyama, Tokyo.

Rev. Dr. John Hall of New York has supplied the First Presbyterian Church, Bangor, Ireland, several Sundays during his vacation, greatly to the gratification of the congregations.

Rev. I. H. Packard and wife have engaged passage on the "Augusta Victoria," that sails from New York to Hamburg, Sept. 10. They expect to spend the winter in Germany and Italy.

Dr. A. E. Dunning, editor of the *Congregationalist*, returns from several months' absence in Europe, decidedly improved in health.

The *Christian Witness* of last week reports that Rev. H. F. Reynolds has withdrawn from the M. E. Church and will probably unite with "The Association of Pentecostal Churches of America."

Bishop Andrews has appointed Dr. Samuel Beck, of South Bend, Ind., presiding elder of Valparaiso District, Northwest Indiana Conference, in place of Dr. J. H. Wilson, of Valparaiso, who resigns because of poor health.

Rev. C. H. Yatman, who last year made a successful evangelistic tour of the world, going to Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa, is to visit the British Isles this fall. He opens his soul-winning work in Belfast, Ireland, in October.

The *Western Christian Advocate* of last week is a "Bishop Merrill Jubilee Number," and is of unusual interest. Dr. Moore has certainly done himself great credit in bringing out such a superb number — but he had a superb subject.

Dr. Homer Eaton will leave New York, Sept. 22, for the Pacific coast, where he will attend to certain matters connected with the depository at San Francisco. He will return by way of New Orleans and inspect the depository at that place.

Lorenzo Niles Fowler, the younger of the Fowler brothers who were the apostles of phrenology in this country, died at the house of a sister in West Orange, N. J., Sept. 3, in his 86th year. He was a graduate of Amherst College, having Henry Ward Beecher as a classmate.

Rev. E. L. Watson, of Hennepin Avenue Church, Minneapolis, has been called by Walnut Hills Church, Cincinnati, to become successor of the late Rev. Dr. S. McChesney. He is about thirty-five, and went to Minnesota from the Baltimore Conference a few years ago.

Rev. Newell S. Albright, D. D., of Bucyrus, Ohio, has been elected professor of biblical and historical theology in the Iliff School of Theology, University of Denver. Dr. Albright is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan, Drew, and the University of Halle. He was the leader of the North Ohio delegation in the last General Conference.

The following note is received from Rev. Dillon Bronson, of Newton, written at Belfast, Ireland, Aug. 23: "We have had a splendid vacation, touring through Italy, Switzerland, France and Great Britain, and expect to reach Boston, in company with Prof. Mitchell and wife, Sept. 6, by the 'Cestrian' of the Leyland Line."

Rev. Dr. O. P. Wright, who is in his fifth year of a successful pastorate at Dundee Place, Kansas City, Mo., has been transferred by Bishop Vincent and FitzGerald to the pastorate of the First Church in Pueblo; Rev. S. B. Warner, who has been winning victories at the latter point for three years, going to Kansas City in exchange.

The will of Kate Field was found last week in a tin box which she had left with the proprietor of the Shoreham Hotel at Washington, D. C. It appoints as executors H. H. Kohlsaat, of Chicago, and T. Sanford Beatty, secretary to Senator Brice. The latter is her literary executor. As anticipated, it provides for the cremation of her body and the burial of the ashes at Mt. Auburn.

The Central of St. Louis says in last week's issue: "The many friends of Dr. and Mrs. M. L. Cull, of the St. Louis Conference, will be pained to learn of the crushing blow they have sustained in the death, at Clifton Heights, St. Louis, of their son George, aged twelve, who was fatally burned last Thursday morning while using a gasoline stove, dying on the evening of that day."

Of the address of Dr. S. L. Baldwin delivered at the reception to Li Hung Chang, which appears on our 4th page, Dr. Buckley says: "I took down the address as Dr. Baldwin delivered it, in two senses of the word. I listened to it with such interest that every syllable fastened itself upon the brain, and with the exception of the statistic it remained there still. But it was delivered from notes, and perceiving that no more successful speech could be imagined or delivered on such an occasion, I demanded it of him for publication exactly as pronounced."

Rev. Dr. E. W. S. Hammond, late editor of the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, called at this office last week on his way to Maine, where he is to present the interests of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society to several churches. Dr. Hammond is able to render that Society efficient service, and we are gratified that the secretaries have opened the way for him to do so.

A few evenings ago Hon. Henry White, ex-secretary of the United States Legation at London, entertained Booker T. Washington at his cottage in Newport. Among the invited guests present to meet Mr. Washington were ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney, Senator Calvin S. Brice of Ohio, Judge Hunt of Cincinnati, and Mrs. E. J. Phelps, wife of ex-Minister Phelps.

Rev. Dr. Wm. McDonald has been employing his leisure in a critical study of the history of the Quakers in early New England. At our request he will favor the readers of ZION'S HERALD with the results of his recent studies. The contributions will be entitled, "The Treatment of the Quakers in Boston" (two installments), and one upon "The Treatment of the Quakers in New England."

Dr. Hoge, of the Southern Presbyterian Church, of Richmond, Va., is at present sojourning in Ireland. He crossed to attend the Glasgow Pan Council, after which he proceeded to visit his friend, Mr. Bayard, the American Ambassador, in London. Since then he has been touring in England and Scotland, and is now homeward bound. Dr. Hoge, although nearly fourscore, is still in full harness. He is greatly beloved throughout the Southland.

Rev. Lucius R. Paige, the oldest citizen of Cambridge and its historian, and said to be the oldest Universalist clergyman in the world, died, Sept. 2, at his home in that city, being well advanced in his 96th year. Mr. Paige was a descendant of Elder Brewster of the "Mayflower" and Thomas Prence, governor of Plymouth, and on the mother's side of Gov. Dudley of Massachusetts Bay. He was born at Hardwick, March 8, 1802. He began his ministry in the city of Springfield in 1825. Dr. Paige had been married four times, and his last wife survives him, after a union of thirty years. He had five children, but they all died long ago.

The Methodist Church of Canada is to be congratulated upon its Epworth League Secretary. Mr. Crews is an able and profoundly spiritual man, thoroughly equipped and well-balanced for the leadership of a movement which means so much for the future not less than for the present of the church. He is also abundant in labors, as is seen in the following paragraph which appears in the *Christian Guardian*, the official organ of Canadian Methodism: —

Rev. A. C. Crews, secretary of the Epworth League and Sunday-schools, left the city on Saturday last for a six weeks' tour in the Montreal Conference. He will visit the circuits east of Montreal, and in addition to his Sabbath labor he has an appointment for nearly every evening in the week. From what we know of the Methodists in that locality, we are sure that they will give our stalwart brother a cordial reception.

That was a tender and affecting scene during the proceedings of the Indianapolis Sound Money Convention when the chairman of the Tennessee delegation asked unanimous consent to read a resolution in honor of the memory of the late William E. Russell of Massachusetts. A great roar of ayes ascended. The resolution declared that the death of Russell was a loss to the nation, and all good Democrats mourned his death. It was read amid impressive silence. The Massachusetts men requested permission for ex-Congressman William Everett to reply for the delegation. This was granted readily, and Dr. Everett, from the platform, with the tears rolling down his face, told of the virtues of Russell and of his untimely death. At times Dr. Everett could not proceed; he was overcome with his emotions. His speech was short and constantly interrupted by rolling cheers. It was a memorable sight in the convention. As Dr. Everett finished by thanking the Tennessee delegation for their expressions in honor of Russell, the cheers broke out afresh.

The Methodist *Times* (London) pays this well-deserved compliment to our highly-appreciated confrere of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*: —

"There is at present visiting London a well-known minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, Rev. W. B. Palmer, D. D., editor of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*. This gentleman has just traversed the greater part of Russia and European Turkey. He accompanied Miss Clara Barton with the Armenian Relief Fund party, and speaks in high terms of this noble lady's work among the victims of Turkish devilry."

The North Western calls attention to the fact that Bishop Merrill this month celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of his admission into the traveling connection, which event took place at the session of the Ohio Conference in Piqua, Ohio, in 1846. He is a native of Ohio. He was born at Mount Pleasant, in that State, Sept. 16, 1825, so that on the day on which he opens the session of Indiana Conference at Evansville, he will have achieved the seventy-first anniversary of his birth. Our columns have recently contained estimates of Bishop Merrill. We consider him one of the ablest, noblest and most lovable men in the church. Senior Bishop, his appreciative colleagues pronounce him *primum in ability* to render the church distinguishing service in its hours of profound need. May he long be spared to serve the church that has received so long his fostering care!

It is a forceful writer in the *Nineteenth Century* for August who says that "Englishmen, at least, may remember that it is to Li Hung Chang they owe the discovery of General Gordon. But for the fortuitous contact of these two personalities at a critical period, perhaps neither of them would have gone down to history. The opportunity for Gordon to show his genius might never have occurred elsewhere, for he never would have sought it, and would in all probability have passed his life in the obscurity of service routine, snubbed for his eccentricities by his superiors, and loved by his intimates for the soul that was in him."

## Brieflets.

The very excellent sermon by Prof. Morris on the 11th page will be read with interest and comfort. It was delivered in the church at Newton, and is published by request.

The 23d annual convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held at St. Louis, November 13-15.

The School of Theology of Boston University will begin its autumn session, Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 10:30 A. M. Prof. Sheldon will deliver the opening day address.

We are gratified to announce that arrangements are made for the dedicatory services of the Methodist church at Brookline, Oct. 14 and 15. The definite program will be announced in an early issue.

Alas! for the church that has no poor in it, that is confined to the upper crust. The loaf of society should not be sliced horizontally in making up a church. It should be cut from top to bottom so as to take in something of every layer. Universal human nature should be represented. There should be some scholarly men and some that are ignorant; some wealthy and some poor. It is much better all round to have the mixture; and certainly none other can claim to be after the New Testament pattern.

The Missionary Board has taken effectual action to relieve the situation in India caused by the reduction of appropriations, by giving a special grant of \$10,000, to be divided among the Conferences in India and Malaysia. Dr. T. J. Scott and Rev. N. E. Rockey will return to India soon, Dr. Waugh's furlough has been extended, and other brethren are perfecting their arrangements for the future.

The New England Training School at the Deaconess Home, 603 Massachusetts Avenue, opens Sept. 30, and in its combination of theory and practice offers an unsurpassed opportunity for Christian young women to prepare for their future life-work, whether it be as deaconesses, missionaries, or home-makers. The theoretical work is chiefly, though not exclusively, Biblical, while the practical work is house-to-house visitation, mission work, conducting meetings, nursing, and various kinds of helpful ministry to those in need. For information write to the principal, Miss Nellie L. Hibbard, addressing as above.

The *Congregationalist* is quite right in saying: "It seems to be conceded by all that in the renewal of voting in the Methodist Conferences on the admission of women to membership in the General Conference there will be no opposition worth considering. Of this the entire absence of discussion in the denominational newspapers is a sign — as it must be a relief to the editors. Evidently the opposition is tired out, and means to take its defeat in graceful silence."

In the *Independent's* excellent review of Prof. Sloane's Life of Dr. McCosh appears this discriminating paragraph, which is especially commendable to the attention of our ministers: —

"Nothing was finer in Dr. McCosh's relation to his age than his attitude toward its new ideas. It was this which enabled him to fit into his place here as he did. It was this which made him a wise and efficient guide to young men in perplexity. It was this which became the glorious independence of his attitude toward the doctrine of evolution, and put him in a position to save the Christianity of this country from committing itself to a warfare in which it had absolutely nothing at stake."

It was Bishop Boyd Carpenter, of Ripon, England, who recently gave utterance to the following wise and prophetic declaration: "Religious truth, in one sense, must always wait on scientific truth; and religious truth must often change its form at the bidding and on the information given it by scientific truth. I am not aware that in the history of scientific progress religion has ever lost; the precious jewels have always been restored to her in richer and nobler settings."

No one need have any anxiety about the Bible. It is well qualified to take care of itself. The common people in the long run are very sure to arrive at right conclusions about it. They know what it is in the Word that does them good; and that good which is done to them is sufficient evidence of the divine quality therein contained. It is more important to practice the Bible than to have theories about it; better to follow its precepts than to stumble over its problems. A book which appeals so pungently and profoundly to the inmost depths of man's being, and meets his needs so completely, is in no danger of being discredited or superseded. There is nothing that can take its place.

The contribution of Dr. Abel Stevens on the second page is not only an illustration of the virility and critical acumen of his thought, but shows how much the trained writer is able to compress in limited space upon a topic which involves so very much. Many readers will get a more intelligent idea of Buddhism by reading this article than from the perusal of some volumes upon the subject.

St. John's Church, Dover, N. H., observed its twentieth anniversary on Sunday, and notwithstanding the rain, a large audience gathered to listen to the able and timely sermon preached by Dr. J. M. Buckley. His text was Col. 1: 12: "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." Dr. Buckley was once pastor of this church, but not since the erection of the present structure, and he is still, as he has always been, a great favorite in the community. The pastor since the church was erected, from 1878 to 1886, are: Revs. O. W. Scott, M. W. Prince, L. C. Field, C. E. Hall, J. M. Durrell, Charles Parkhurst, J. H. Haines, G. L. Collyer, and J. E. Robins.

## Elements of Weakness in the Silver Boom.

THE silver boom in our American politics, like the gourd of Jonah, made an amazing growth in a night. The seed had, indeed, long lain in the earth, but the Democratic and Populist conventions — those political hot-houses — gave it a rapid development. The sudden growth of the movement has been accepted by some people as an assurance of continued advance; but the gourd is likely to wither and perish as quickly as it grew up. As a rule, rapid growths are weak and short-lived. A powerful social or political organism is compacted only by lapses of time.

Strong as the silver movement appears to be, it is easy to detect elements of weakness in it which will insure its ultimate defeat. If we look within the movement as set forth by its adherents, we shall see what hardly any party could survive. There is something in it which inspires the distrust of men in the centres of trade, manufacture, and enterprises of various kinds. The doings at Chicago sent a cold chill through the business world. Capital was alarmed. The shock was felt on all sides. Business men of large capacity and means stopped to ponder, and will keep up their serious thinking until after election. They wait to see whether the awards on the 3d of November will leave the sheep or the goats on the right hand. With this want of confidence there can be no renewal of prosperity in the nation.

If we look into the free-coining platforms, we shall find that the brain and business of the country have occasion for alarm. The demand for silver coinage 16 to 1 means, when fully spelled out, repudiation. The government is to make a 53-cent dollar a legal tender for all debts, public and private. The debtor must accept, for what cost him a gold dollar, a fifty-cent silver dollar. That is nothing more nor less than open fraud and robbery. It makes the government a party to the crime. It robs the thrifty class to help those who have not helped themselves. It is true the silver men tell us the 53-cent silver dollar will be lifted into parity with gold by making silver a full legal tender. That is assertion, but assertion against reason and against an array of facts. If anybody wishes to accept the mere assertion of a group of theorists, they can do so; most men will prefer, after all, the gold dollar.

These platforms make war on the banks, on the present mode of issuing money, and on the Supreme Court. These and other matters are to be reshaped according to certain theories. The money system is to be changed on the theory that silver would become equal to gold by making it a full legal tender. This theory is baseless. In 1878 the nation tried to buoy silver by making it a legal tender, but the price of the metal continued to decline to nearly fifty cents on a dollar. The silver men have another theory of bimetallism without international arrangement; they think this country could work it alone. This is mere theory, to which all the great financiers of the world are opposed. On these theories we are asked to change the policy and risk the business interests of the country.

Look outside the Silver Party, and see what its leaders have to meet. The conservatism of the nation, especially of the North and middle West, will have to be reckoned with. The conservatives believe in progress, in the slow and careful movement toward better conditions; but they do not believe in revolution, or in trying any large or doubtful experiments with the currency or financial policy of the country. The handling of such matters requires the knowledge of experts and the wisdom of statesmen. The conservative sentiment is not demonstrative, blows no trumpets, but there is nothing a new cause finds so hard to overcome. The tide of sentiment often recedes when everything seemed to be swept from its path.

The property of a country is always conservative. The man who has nothing is ready for revolution — he has nothing to lose; but every one with a house, a farm, an account in the savings-bank, a store, a factory, or a bank, dreads changes which may strip him of everything. He looks with suspicion on such men as Altgeld and Tillman.

There is another strong force to be overcome. The weight of the metropolitan press is against these movers of revolution. Nearly all the great dailies are against the silver craze. The men of the press are accurate readers of the signs of the times.

## The Sunday School.

## THIRD QUARTER. LESSON XII.

Sunday, September 20.

Prov. 16: 22-33.

(Read the chapter.)

Rev. W. O. Holway, D. D., U. S. N.

## DESTRUCTIVE VICES.

## I. Preliminary.

1. **Golden Text:** *There is a way that seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death.* — Prov. 16: 25.

2. **Home Readings:** Monday — Prov. 16: 22-33. Tuesday — Prov. 6: 5-15. Wednesday — 1 Cor. 10: 1-15. Thursday — Prov. 13: 8-15. Friday — Isa. 20: 15-21. Saturday — Psalm 119: 105-110. Sunday — Psalm 141.

## II. Introductory.

Our lesson consists of a series of disconnected proverbs, each a lesson in itself. The possessor of "understanding" carries within himself a living "wellspring" — he needs no artificial stimulant — whereas a fool is corrected by his own folly. Wise speech flows from a wise heart. Sweet as honey are words of kindness, refreshing both soul and body. Courses which "seem right," which many men persuade themselves to be right, may lead downward to death — as many a drunkard has found to his cost. Appetite spurs the laborer to his toil; the expected gratification of his palate keeps him to his task. To plan mischief is the delight of an ungodly man; his tongue scorches like fire. Strife is sown by the scandal-monger, and friends who are knit together are sundered by his whispered tales. Headstrong men entice weaker ones to follow them in their injurious courses. Eyes closed save to schemes of evil and compressed lips — these indicate mischievous purposes. Glorious is the crown of hoary hair, attesting a life of righteousness. Meekness is superior to might; he that controlleth his own spirit and subdues his clamorous appetites outranks the conqueror of cities. Doubtful things are decided by lot; but God overrules "the disposing thereof."

## III. Expository.

22. **Understanding is a wellspring of life.** — "Understanding," in its highest sense, is "the knowledge of the Holy One" (Prov. 9: 10) — not intellectual knowledge merely, but that which both perceives duty and shapes life accordingly. He who has it is possessed of a living well or fountain within, which is a source of instruction to himself and of blessing to others. The instruction of fools (R. V., "the correction of fools") is folly (R. V., "their folly"). — "Folly is its own punishment."

"He must be a thorough fool," it has been said, "who can learn nothing from his own folly;" but this is precisely the condition of the infatuated people we are considering; the only correction of their infatuation is a further increase of it. The reason is practically shoked; the connection between cause and effect is lost; thus every ill consequence of the rash act or the vicious habit is regarded as a misfortune instead of a fault. The wretched victim of his own folly revives fortune, nature, men, and even God, and will not recognize that his worst enemy is himself. Thus, while the wise are always learning and growing rich from experience, "the infatuation of senseless men is infatuation still" (Horton).

23, 24. **The heart of the wise teacheth** (R. V., "instructeth") his mouth. — The outflow of this living wellspring of wisdom is through the lips; the wise man knows what, when, and how to speak. Addeth learning to his lips. — "Learning mounteth up to his lips" (Delitzsch). "The heart of fools is in their mouth; but the mouth of the wise is in their hearts" (Ecclesiasticus 21: 26). Pleasant words are as a honeycomb — a familiar metaphor. "Sweeter than honey flowed the stream of speech" from the lips of Nestor (Iliad 1: 248); a swarm of bees, the story runs, settled on the lips of St. Ambrose in his boyhood, foretelling his eloquence. Sweet to the soul — refreshing and cheering the mind. Health to the bones — that is, to the body. Kind words help both mind and body. "Good cheer antagonizes nearly every form of disease, and judicious compliments are better than medicine" (Horton).

There are two other noble uses of the tongue to which reference is constantly made in this book — the instruction of the ignorant, and the championing of the distressed. With regard to the first, we are told that "the lips of the wise disperse knowledge," while of course the heart of the foolish not being right cannot possibly impart rightness to others. It is only the wise in heart that can claim the title of prudent, but where that wisdom is, "the sweetness of the lips increaseth learning" (Horton).

25. **A way which seemeth right.** — See also Prov. 14: 12. There are courses of conduct which a man tries to believe are right and safe — men easily believe what they wish to believe — but, misled by his desires, and by the glamour which sin sheds on what is questionable, the man learns, to his sorrow, that death, physical and spiritual, lurks in those courses. Sweet is the taste of wine to the youthful palate, but appetites are not satisfied by a taste. "A drinker said that a glass of whiskey made him a new man. That new man wanted another glass." The way

seemed right, at first, to the thousands who yearly fall victims to intemperance.

26. **He that laboreth laboreth for himself** — R. V., "The appetite of a laboring man laboreth for him." "Hunger is a strong incentive to work; the needs of the body spur the laborer to diligence and assiduity" (Peloubet). His mouth craveth it of him. — The Septuagint renders the verse: "A man in labors labors for himself, and drives away his own destruction."

Popular wisdom in all countries has noted the truth of this verse. The old Roman said, "Largior aratum, ingentius magister senior," which, being translated, means, "The stomach is the teacher of all arts, the parent of invention." The French say, "De tout 'avise & que pain fera"; "He who wants bread thinks of everything." The English say, "Need makes the old wife trot." Italians say, "Hunger sets the dog a-hunting." Hunger in some sense is a great stimulus to work, and our Lord in His beatitude recognizes that this same law holds in the spiritual world, that he who hunger and thirsts after righteousness is sure to secure the bread of life which satisfies (Hirbut).

27. **An ungodly man diggeth up evil.** — R. V., "a worthless man devileth mischief." That is his delight, to invent and propagate what will cause trouble to others. In his lips there is as a burning (R. V., "scorching") fire. — As his thoughts, so his words also are very vexatious and pernicious; his tongue is set on fire of hell, and sets himself and others on fire by lies and slanders, and other provoking speeches" (Pool).

Hateful, too, to Him is the devising heart, even where courage or opportunity fails of realizing the device. There are so many more murderers in the world than we see, so many cruel and wicked deeds restrained by the police or by a dominant public sentiment, which yet lie deep in the wicked imaginations of our hearts, and are abominable to God, that we may be thankful if we do not see as He sees, and may wonder at the forbearance of His compassion (Horton).

28. **A froward man — not essentially different from "the worthless man," "the son of Belial," in the last verse. Soweth** (R. V., "scattereth abroad") strife — sows the seeds of strife in a neighborhood. — The character intended is the perverse man, who distorts the truth, gives a wrong impression, attributes evil motives; such as on occasions quarrels and heart-burnings." A whisperer — "who secretly carries tales from one to another, publishing those evil words and actions which they should conceal, and detracting from their good actions" (Pool).

The description of this person is wonderfully graphic. We see him not in repose, but busy going from place to place and talking a great deal. His lips are shaped continually to lie — "he walketh with a froward mouth." There is no straightforwardness about him; he is full of hint, suggestion, innuendo; he turns to you and winks in a knowing way; he points with his thumb over his shoulder, and nods significantly; he is never better pleased than when he can give the impression of knowing a good deal more than he cares to say. He delights to wrap himself in mystery, to smile blandly and then relapse into a look of inscrutability, to frown severely and then assume an air of gentle innocence. He is in the habit of beckoning one into a corner, and making a whispered communication as if he were your particular friend, and was eager to give you some information which nothing would induce him to divulge to anybody else (Horton).

29, 30. **A violent man** (R. V., "a man of violence") enticeth his neighbor. — "The lawless man [tempts friends]" (Septuagint). He shutteth — R. V., "he that shutteth," etc. The verse contains a warning against certain facial criminal characteristics — the half-closed eyes, the firmly-shut lips. Moving his lips — R. V., "he that compresseth his lips."

31, 32. **The hoary head is a crown of glory** — for it is usually the reward of virtuous living. If it be found — R. V., "It shall be found." In the way of righteousness. — The ungodly "shall not live out half their days" (Psalm 55: 23). He that is slow to anger — who does not fly into a rage, who controls his resentments and temper. Better than the mighty — who often, while powerful to master others, are unable to master themselves. He that ruleth his spirit — "that subdueth his passions; his victory is the more glorious because he fights with the stronger enemy" (Pool). "Others have to win their spurs on the battle-field; this is your battle-field, and here your spurs are to be won. Others have to win kingdoms or capture cities; here is the kingdom where you are to reign, this is the city which you are to take" (Horton).

33. **The lot is cast into the lap** — referring to the ancient practice of appealing to the Divine will for the settlement of doubtful questions (Num. 26: 55; Josh. 7: 18; 1 Sam. 10: 20, 21; 14: 41, 42; Prov. 1: 14; Acts 1: 26). Marked or colored stones were probably used. They were shaken in a fold of the garment. The whole disposing thereof is of the Lord. — He honors such appeals. Indeed, there is no such thing as chance in His counsel and providence.

John Paton, the missionary to the New Hebrides, uncertain whether to go back to Scotland and plead for more missionaries, and receiving no light from human counsel, says: "After many prayers, and wrestlings and tears, I went alone before the Lord, and on my knees cast lots with a solemn appeal to God, and the answer came, 'Go home.' In my heart I believe that . . . the Lord condescended to decide for me the part of duty, otherwise unknown, and I believe it the more truly now, in view of the aftermath of thirty years of service to Christ that flowed out of the steps then deliberately and devoutly taken" (quoted by Dr. Horton in his "Book of Proverbs").

## IV. Illustrative.

1. The legend of Tarquin and the sibyl will illustrate the value of wisdom, understanding, truth, which we are exhorted by another proverb to buy and to sell not. An old woman came into the presence of King Tarquin, staggering under the load of nine great rolls of manuscript containing prophecies and counsels concerning

Rome. She offered them for sale, but asked a price so high that the king hesitated to make the purchase, and said, "Wait until tomorrow." The next day she came again, but with only six books, for she had destroyed three volumes, and for these six she asked twice as much as she had before demanded for the nine. The king was so surprised that he declined to purchase, whereupon the aged woman bowed and again withdrew. Once more she came, with only three volumes, but with the requirement of a still higher price. Tarquin dared not to delay longer and purchased the books at the cost of half his treasures. Even at this price they were worth more than he paid, for they were the guide to Roman statesmen for centuries afterward. The truth will cost more the longer we bargain, but it will always be of more value than its price (Hirbut).

2. "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Verse 22. At the first, it sparkles and cheers; at the last, it poisons and maddens. At first, it excites mirth and song; at the last, it produces sorrow and curses. At the first, it is an affair of good feeling and fellowship; at the last, it is an affair of feuds, fighting, and murder. At the first, it is a cup of exhilaration in the hands of thoughtless youth; at the last, it is a cup of fearful trembling in the hand of an offended God." At the first, there is a joyful anticipation of good times to come; at the last, there is "fearful looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries." At the first, it is the wine of pleasant fellowship; at the last, it is the "wine of the wrath of Almighty God, poured out without mixture." At the first, it is the agreeable excitement of an evening; at the last, it is the long-drawn agony of an endless perdition. At the first, it is the grateful stimulus of an hour; at the last, it is the "worm that never dies, and the fire that never shall be quenched" (Peloubet).

## FULL OF FAITH.

Rev. B. Sherlock.

In the interest of correct thought and expression of thought on religious themes, I felt it right to give you what follows a short article in the HERALD of Aug. 19, headed "Full of Faith."

You say it is best defined as "a sense of the unseen." This is too broad a definition in one sense. Witches and their kind often have that sense as truly as those who are not of that ilk. A much truer definition of "that faith which has the closest possible connection with religion, which lies nearest its roots," is the old-fashioned one which says it is "taking God at His Word." That corresponds with the way Christ puts the matter in connection with the blasting of the fig-tree, and especially in His use of the word "believe" in many places. Faith that saves is an action of the spirit of man proceeding on the undoubting conviction that there is a God, that He offers now to save me on conditions that are plain. Faith is, therefore, the man taking what God offers. That old-fashioned definition corresponds with Heb. 10: 37-39 and 11: 5, 6, with Paul's argument in Romans and elsewhere, and with all the instances of people getting saved which are recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.

Your last sentence is this: "To be full of faith is to be full of the Holy Ghost." Now, faith is the attitude of the man, the asker and receiver; the Holy Ghost is the God whom Peter speaks of to Ananias and Sapphira, as in Acts 5: 3, 4. The receiver and the thing (or as in this case the person) are two entities or individuals, and are therefore not identical, however closely they may be associated as cause and effect. In the earlier chapters of the Acts the Holy Ghost is spoken of, and we see that the disciples obeyed Him as a distinct and definite Personality (see 5: 32): "And we are witnesses of these things, and so is the Holy Ghost, whom [not which] God hath given to them to obey Him;" and (8: 20), "The Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself unto the chariot;" and (13: 2), "The Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them;" (verse 4), "So they were sent forth by the Holy Ghost went down to Seleucia;" (16: 6, 7), "Having been forbidden of the Holy Ghost to speak the word in Asia . . . they assayed to go into Bithynia, and the Spirit of Jesus suffered them not."

Distinct conceptions grounded on Christ's own personal testimony concerning the Holy Ghost, and practical, definite surrender and obedience to the Holy Ghost as the necessary consequence of those conceptions, are the great need of theology and religion today. Let us get back to the attitude of the one hundred and twenty, and we shall receive the power that the one hundred and twenty received.

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## AT HOME WITH THE LORD.\*

Rev. Geo. K. Morris, D. D.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body and to be at home with the Lord." — 2 Cor. 5: 8.

BY this brief expression Paul suggests our theme — "Home Typical of Heaven." Could he have chosen a better way of turning the thought of the world toward the land of rest? When Paul wrote thus he was in a mood common to men. He had suffered keenly; his thoughts were of the decay of the outer man. The insufficiency of earth's best gifts overpowered him. He was weary of things temporal. There sprang up in his soul a longing to be away that was intensified by his clear conception of that life where light afflictions are transmuted into an eternal weight of glory and where we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. But how shall he speak of the vision that allures him upward and the charm of which makes him patient with present infelicity? To describe it is impossible. To tell what he has seen is unlawful. What word shall he use that shall shine forever on the inspired page and win true men and women to happy thought of death?

As many conceive of heaven it is almost the last place in the universe to which they would choose to go. It is not an attractive place to those whose spiritual nature is undeveloped. Coarse earthly natures have coarse tastes, and such a place as heaven is generally supposed to be not to their liking. Many who hope to go there when they can stay here no longer pray devoutly that the Lord will delay His coming till the last possible moment. Unlike Paul, they have a desire to remain here, which to them is far better. Their earth home may be plain and poor, but it is home, and they prefer it to heaven, though willing to go to the latter place when they can go nowhere else. This statement is not meant as an accusation. The fact does not show how well home is adapted to our nature, and on the other hand how imperfect is our estimate of the life that is to come. Our nature's attitude, therefore, is not to be condemned, but changed on reason shown. The inspired Apostle rendered a great service to men when he selected the very home we are loth to leave as an image of the place prepared for men. It is to be regretted that the common version has concealed the beauty of the Pauline conception. Were our imagination equal to the task of multiplying the sweetest phases of the most perfect earthly home by infinity, we should have a conception in some measure worthy of the provision God's love has made for the future of His children.

Taking the hint Paul has given, let us seek to kindle a legitimate love of heaven by thoughts of its sweetest earthly type, and so prepare ourselves in due time to quit with joy the world in which sooner or later every home becomes a wreck. By the light of revelation we find in the home whose sweetness binds our souls to the earth those considerations which weaken its bonds and draw us most strongly toward the world unseen.

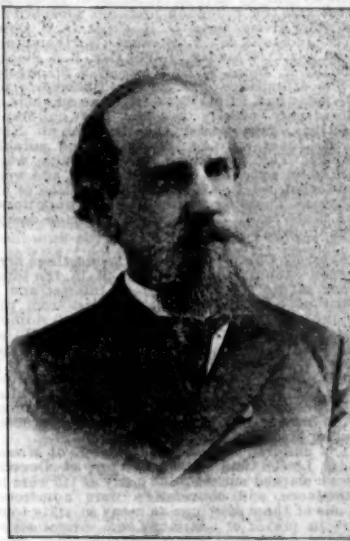
We remark, first, that home is the birthplace of those conceptions which at first enrich our life, but, in the end, cause the most painful disappointments. A good home makes us happy with prophecies that are never fulfilled on earth. We go out into the world with expectations that life always disappoints. The happier our life's beginning, the sadder our subsequent unseeling.

In the home, for example, we get our first idea of

## Safety.

To the child reposing in the bosom of the loving mother the thought of danger is unknown. What is stronger than the mother's love? What evil can reach the quiet home where lies moored the tiny bark of the young voyager who dreams not of the fury of coming storms? Devils there may be, but to the child it is as though they were not. How secure from pain and sorrow is the bright-eyed one! In childhood the delusion remains for a time. The father is a type of omnipotence. With a little hand in his strong grasp a healthy child fears nothing. How safe feels the bride as she studies the manly form of her husband! With her arm in his she fancies she could safely face the world at its worst. Sitting by his side at the close of a successful day, rejoicing in his great love, what reck she of sorrow or peril? And there is reason for the feeling. The good home is the safest place on earth. Its magic lessens the power of every earthly ill. Temptations lose much of their power within the sacred inclosure. A mother's wise love is a strong tower. A wife may be almost an angel to a tempted man, turning aside many an arrow, and helping her husband to endure hardness as a good soldier. The husband may be kind of providence to wife and child, hushing, with his voice, the raging storm and driving back the threatening foe. But sooner or later our haven is the scene of our greatest disasters. Instead of fulfilling our dream of safety, home becomes the arena in which ruin has its most savage triumphs. We are weakest where our dream of safety made us feel most secure. The stronger our love for those who dwell there, the more vulnerable we are. The more loved ones there are in what we thought our charmed circle, the more avenues are there by which our torments march unopposed upon us. At last our hearts, so often outnumbed our throbs of joy. There, where happiness was born, grief finds us without defence. Where music first ravished our

souls, discords torture us at last. The more heavenly our home seems while yet the storm has not howled in triumph over our discomfiture there, the more fearful is our condition when we stand at last amid its ruins. What mother's voice or tears or prayers can warm the cold fingers that touch and chill into stillness the darling's heart? What father's arm can stay the disease that pales the cheek of his dearest, or bar out the unseen invader who comes to bear away the idol of his heart? Who knows the art of protecting his home from misfortune?



Prof. George K. Morris, S. T. D.  
Harris Professor of Practical Theology in the School of Theology, Boston University.

Whose agony equals that of him whose defences are proven useless by the pain his loved ones endure under his very eyes? Our bitterest tears are shed under the roof of home; there more woe is felt and there the pitying angels witness the breaking of more hearts than anywhere else in the universe. Where men had fancied themselves safest, there they discover, in the end, that they were the most helpless.

Again, our notion of

## Comfort

is a product of earthly home-life. The nursing babe is a picture of ideal comfort. Is there a want unsatisfied? To have true comfort is to be free from the intrusion of unsatisfied desires. Comfort makes the bed of the tired child soft after a day of healthful play and watches over the couch wherein rest the happy parents. Breathing this air of comfort, we fancy our feet shall evermore tread a sunny path. It was in such circumstances that a happy young husband and father, who was prospering in business, said to a minister: "I do not care about heaven; my home is heaven enough for me. I ask simply that God may be good enough to let me alone." As he spoke he smiled at the thought of his beautiful home. What comfort must he have enjoyed when even heaven seemed tame in comparison! He did not mean to be a rebel; there was no wicked intent in his speech. It was not necessarily offensive, it may be, to the loving Father whose goodness considers the ignorance and blindness of men. Soon death took the charming firstborn; then disaster swept all his fortune away; then his wife's health failed. In his changed estate he could not provide comforts for her for whose happiness he would have died. His former comfort was the measure of his resultant distress. Thus always later on life men learn that the early anticipations of a comfortable journey are doomed to disappointment. To this law there are no exceptions. Yet the ideal does not die; nay, it lives to torture all who look only on the things that appear. It had been better, so far as this life is concerned, if it had never been born in our hearts, since it mocks our hopes and darkens all our path.

It is in the magic realm of home that the germ of

## The Beautiful

both in sight and sound is quickened into life. The light of the mother-love as it falls on the face of the babe is the most exquisitely beautiful gleam that will ever gladden its eyes on earth. Faces that beam over the cradle, bright with love, are ever beautiful; voices that teach the budding heart the notes of love are the sweetest of earthly sounds. God is the God of the beautiful, and He made man in His own image. It is His will that man should, by cultivating the love of the beautiful, rise to the plane on which he shall be able to understand God as He in part reveals and in part conceals Himself by the beauty of His earthly kingdom. Happy those parents who consciously co-operate with God in the development of this side of child nature. The little ones that play about the home are almost inconceivably susceptible to such impressions as are fitted to develop the esthetic nature. The educational influence of

one sweet note, of one tender melody, one burst of harmony, can never be eliminated from the soul it has thrilled. All parents should sing if possible. They should at least banish discord from the home and learn to speak in tender musical voices.

Nothing seems more heedless than the dashing boy or girl. But science teaches us that nothing escapes their notice, and that every touch makes its mark upon their being. A rose budding in the window of the poorest home, though growing in a broken jar, is one of God's teachers. The thoughtless boy, full of pranks, may come, with a rush, across the threshold and dash through the house with a whoop like that of a savage; but it is impossible for him to go so swiftly by that modest flower that the camera of his soul shall not get a snap-shot that shall preserve its loveliness among the influences that are to mold him into refinement and elevation of character.

As a rule mothers are more in harmony with God in respect to this principle of life than fathers. Sometimes out of penitence, sometimes out of unconscious coarseness of fibre, the husband criticizes the wife's efforts to beautify the home, and objects to the cost in time and money necessary to make the parlor attractive with beautiful carpets and pictures and a hundred lovely articles made by her own deft fingers. But in this respect the woman is the wiser and the nearer the thought of God. Some, indeed, may overdo in this respect. No good result is secured by excess. Extravagance in the adornment of home is not to be commended. Mere display for effect is wrong. But it is a grave mistake to rebuke the mother's heaven-inspired desire to make home the most beautiful place. It is almost cruel to find fault with her endeavors to array her children tastefully and make them in a true sense beautiful. The mother who keeps herself as beautiful as may be is more of a blessing to her children than she knows. God is at the pains to make the flowers beautiful and the sunsets glorious, and no lily blooms in gardens of earth worthy to be compared with the child, though its home be a hovel, and no sunset glow or sunrise splendor can render the sun in all his glory worthy of comparison with the poorest child whose complexion its hot beams brown. Let us assure ourselves, then, that God meant that home should develop man's sense of the beautiful and kindle his love for God's handiwork. He is worse than blind who cannot see the radiance on all the works of His hand.

But what is the destiny of every soul in which the godlike love of the beautiful has been developed? True, it opens both eyes and ears to all the treasure of life. He sees a glow over all things to which less fortunate ones remain blind. He hears music to which others are deaf. His soul revels luxuriously in the good things of God that appeal only to that which is best in man. He dwells on the summits and walks a sunlit path listening to eloquent silences that make earth seem like heaven. An unexpected thing ensues. While his soul feasts it grows, and soon outgrows the best that earth can give. Thenceforward his life has in it a pathos indescribable. There is a hunger nevermore to be gratified on earth. He may travel the world over in search of beautiful landscapes, but everywhere he will look in vain for the thrill that once filled him with rapture. He may visit the galleries of art wherein are to be seen the best works of genius, but he shall never again look upon a picture beautiful enough to satisfy his soul. If the love of music grows in his being, his experience is the same. For a while his life is full of rapture as he listens to new revelations of harmony; but when once he has heard earth's sweetest notes he has outgrown their power to satisfy. Something within cries out for sweeter strains than ever yet have fallen on mortal ear. Henceforth every singer disappoints, no organ is grand enough, no composition magnificent enough, to meet the needs of his ever-growing nature. Hence, always, must it be true, when rightly understood, that the lives most favored on earth have a strain of sadness inseparable from their condition. The lives most grandly matured under the culture of the most favorable environment have most of pathos in them. They live upon a plane above the reach of art, music, poetry, eloquence, and all that nature has to offer to a soul hungry for something better than it has ever seen or heard. They have outgrown earth, as God meant all men should, and so have come with Paul to desire to depart and be at home with the Lord, which is far better.

We must mention one other taste for whose development we are indebted to our home-life, and that is the taste for

## Soul-Communion.

By the fireside, in the genial atmosphere of home, under the influence of its loving, unselfish ministrations, our souls develop a sense of the value of companionship. At first, doubtless, this is no more than a desire for the presence and help of those on whom we have been dependent. But it rapidly advances till it becomes a desire for communion of soul. When, later, it comes our turn to minister in our home to husband, wife or child, or to parents grown old and dependent, our natures on this side are much enlarged. We find another illustration of

our Saviour's principle that it is more blessed to give than to receive. How near to us are those who watched by our bed when we were ill; how much nearer are they by whose bedside it has been our privilege to watch and serve! No soul is fully matured that has not known the pain and pleasure of waiting on a sick loved one. The climate of the sick-room is favorable to the early ripening of the soul's best elements, not alone in the invalid, but in those who minister.

The earlier and the more fully this side of our nature is matured, the more speedily do we outgrow the conditions that surround us on earth. We develop a craving not to be satisfied by any earthly friendship. The young and immature hope to find a personality fully adapted to their every need. The more mature, who have had the best of companionship, by their very good fortune have been made dissatisfied in a sense not fully comprehended. With quickened imagination and developed faith they look to the life beyond.

It is painful to find ourselves imperfect. It is perhaps to a generous mind more distressing to awaken to a sense of the essential imperfection of all about us. We close our eyes to faults we would fain forget in those we love, but love itself cannot make us blind. The wise practices reticence about the defects of friends. It is said that the good wife always conceals from her beloved husband her last revised opinion of him. The cold indiscreet tells all this secret forth and finds, too late, that it can never be recalled. But when those who come nearest to us seem almost perfect we enjoy them only for a time. By and by they become a memory only, and every one knows that the fond memory of the sweetest personality does but increase our hunger for the companionship his sweetness taught us to crave. When our best beloved have gone, and we have only the silent tombstone to gaze upon, we have reached a stage in our development that puts us beyond the reach of all who live. No one can wholly fill the vacancy in the silent places of our soul. So we find a double soul-hunger — for those we have loved and lost awhile, and for something far loftier than the best we ever knew. Thus the world grows less and less able to gratify the longing for fellowship to which the home-life gave birth.

We come now to notice briefly the second general thought suggested to our mind by the text — the heavenly home shall

## Fully Satisfy the Ideas

born in our earthly home.

Paul while in the flesh was subjected to many perils, some account of which he has given us. But after he had finished his course and gone to receive his crown, what ill could pursue? While our loved ones remained in the flesh they were exposed to dangers from which we were not able to protect them, but safe with the Lord, what can do them harm? We may dismiss all anxiety about the darling we have lost, however solicitous we may feel about those who remain. We know not at what moment the smile on our own cheek shall give place to a look of woe. In a moment our tears may scald again the well-worn furrows down our cheeks. But when once we are at home with the Lord, we shall have done with sickness and danger. There God Himself shall wipe away every tear. Hell's legions shall never tread the courts of heaven; there temptations are unknown; no alarms shall disturb the bliss of those who are at home with the Lord. May not the assurance lighten the burden we are bearing?

But what shall we say as to the comfort of the home to which Paul turns his eyes? With enlarged desires growing out of ever-expanding being, what wish shall go unsatisfied? To those who dwell in mansions prepared by Him who died for man, what gratification would be denied? In that place which Christ has gone to prepare, comfort has her eternal dwelling-place. Think, if you can, of millions of years in heaven with Jesus, and not one moment of discomfort. Could most eloquent archangel tell how perfectly heaven shall satisfy our love of the beautiful? What beautiful faces and forms may we not look upon where no sin-mark mars the features of the glorified! What music may we not expect to hear from the choirs of the skies and the celestial orchestras! There shall rise strains worth hearing indeed, but which shall ever grow sweeter as we ever learn to long for sweeter still. There is no time to dwell on the ravishing scenes that only eternity can unfold, scenes that burn with glory more than equal to our desires, transcending our thought. Earth's fairest garden can scarcely suggest the loveliness of Eden, the garden of the Lord.

Still less is it possible to speak adequately of what heaven has to offer our hunger for communion of soul. Only spotless souls are there. In our home in heaven only the holiest dwell. Purified, perfected in disposition, free from defects of judgment, perfect in power to comprehend us and perfectly transparent to us, how delightful shall we find all our associates there! Best of all, we shall be at home with the Lord. It is His mild glance of love, His voice full of the music of infinite tenderness, His divinely munificent contributions to the ever-swelling tide of joy. His own infinitely gracious self, to which Paul and all who join him there shall owe their final realization of the earth-born ideal of home.

The poet sings of the land to whose lotus-poisoned people it seemed always afternoon. Those voyagers who, landing there, sit of the deadly lotus abandoned all thought of ever seeing again the home where their loved ones dwelt. It may be that some dear heart has been enchanted by the lotus of sin. Under its spell he has forgotten the home of the soul. He knows vaguely as in a dream that there the sweetest joys an immortal can know await those who prize them; he knows that some sweet vanished faces are ever growing fairer in that delightful realm, but no hope of seeing them once more thrills his soul into true life. Would that by the touch of God's Spirit might now be kindled in such a heart the desire to be at home forever with the Lord!



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\* Notes of a sermon preached in the Newton M. E. Church, Sunday morning, March 18.

## The Conferences.

## New Hampshire Conference.

## Manchester District.

District League convention at Keene, Sept. 15 and 16. President Judd is planning a strong program. Let all the League chapters plan to attend in as large numbers as possible.

The District Preachers' Meeting will be held at Sunapee, Sept. 21 and 22. The district stewards will meet at 1 P. M. on the 22d. We hope for a large attendance. Buy your tickets to Sunapee Lake station. This will give you a ride over the lake, which is much pleasanter than a three-mile ride in a stage-coach. We have a good program, and this is a beautiful time of the year to visit Sunapee.

Mr. Geo. H. Bartlett, of Sunapee, has been chosen secretary of the Claremont Camp-meeting Association, in place of Mr. Ball, deceased. An excellent choice.

*Claremont Camp-meeting.* — It was an excellent season. The attendance was not so large as in some years, but the preaching was of a high order. The New Hampshire brethren who took part were Revs. B. P. Judd — who also served the entire week as organist — Geo. H. Spenser, C. W. Taylor, C. E. Eaton, James Cairns, and Geo. B. Goodrich. Dr. S. F. Upham preached a grand sermon Saturday forenoon. Thursday was given entirely to the Epworth League, and Rev. Geo. H. Spenser, the N. H. Conference president, presided. Dr. E. M. Taylor and Rev. Geo. S. Butters, of the N. H. Conference, and Mr. Spenser did the preaching. It was a great day, and will be remembered by many. The one o'clock Epworth League service each day was in charge of Rev. H. D. Deets, and they were splendid meetings. Wednesday afternoon was given to the missionary societies. Dr. Parker, of India, Mrs. Webb, of Montpelier, and Mrs. Everett, of New Bedford, were the speakers. Dr. Parker also preached Wednesday forenoon. The death of Mr. Ball is sorely felt. The memorial service on Friday afternoon was a strong testimony to his worth as a man in every way. Sunday it rained nearly all day, so that no service could be held at the stand. The people were packed and crowded into the Springfield and Claremont houses. We have long advocated the erection of a building to accommodate the congregation in such a time, but no move has been made. A shelter to cover five hundred people would not cost a great deal, and would add immensely to their comfort.

*Wilmet Camp-meeting.* — The weather was beautiful except Thursday forenoon, which was dull and rainy. There was a good attendance, and an excellent spirit prevailed in all the services. We never heard better preaching on these grounds. There was no effort at firing sky-rockets, but the Gospel was put plainly and earnestly. It will do much good. Those who preached were Revs. G. A. Tyrell, C. W. Martin, G. B. Goodrich, C. W. Taylor, James Cairns, Thos. Whiteside, C. A. Reed, D. E. Burns, W. T. Carter, Rev. Mr. Prescott of the Free Baptist Church, and the presiding elder. Mrs. Wells, of Haverhill, Mass., on Wednesday afternoon, gave an excellent address in the interest of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. W. T. Carter led the singing, and Miss Flora Trussell presided at the organ. Primitive as this camp is, it has been the place of many spiritual victories. One new cottage was built this summer, and a half-dozen new gasoline lights were an improvement.

We have now finished our camp-meeting career for Manchester District, having done our share in presiding at twelve of these gatherings. They have been good meetings, and we believe souls have been saved in every one.

## Dover District.

*Hedding Camp-meeting* was a successful evangelistic effort, with good attendance. The singing was good; Mr. Emerson is a success as a director, and with Rev. J. D. LeGro at the organ all went well. On Thursday morning the rain broke up the meeting at the stand, but gave four meetings instead of one, all of which were successful; and in the afternoon the hall was filled to hear Dr. Leonard, whose help through the week was much prized, while a very large field meeting was held under the direction of Rev. John Hooper, who is well furnished for that kind of work. A man eighty years old claimed to be converted, and about a score in all during the week began the new life, while many

accepted the fullness in Jesus and must therefore hereafter be better workers for the Master. Mr. Cole had to retire from work in the Hedding boarding-house the Friday previous to the camp-meeting, which somewhat embarrassed the management, but this writer had no difficulty in getting a sufficient supply of wholesome food at every meal-time to satisfy the cravings of nature, and the rates therefore seemed to him reasonable. If the chronic fault-finders would give more attention to prayer and divine service, they would be less likely to make work for repentance and be more helpful to the King's business. Our Saturday morning love-feast was a good season, well attended, and some said the elder could not forego a last opportunity to take a collection for one of his poor corners. The people, however, heartily responded with a general offering for the cause presented; and then, remembering that this was the last official service of this kind by this officer, the whole company voluntarily filed by, led by Rev. Mr. Allen, and gave the outgoing president of the Association a hearty Methodist grip and good-bye till we meet up yonder when the roll is called.

*Newmarket* had a good day Sunday, Aug. 20 — three souls starting for Mt. Zion, while all the people seem looking for the showers of blessing.

Pastor Reynolds gives a good report of the work in Grace Church, Haverhill, and despite the political and industrial complications our workers are pushing things with good hope.

G. W. N.

## East Maine Conference.

*Northport Camp-meeting.* — The services this year in this beautiful nook of Penobscot Bay surpassed in interest and power those of the several years past. "This is something like the old times" was frequently the reassuring remark which stimulated hope and confidence; for many had come to only half believe in Northport, and to think that the watering-place was extinguishing the camp-meeting. Rev. J. M. Frost, of Union St., Bangor, seems to have planned wisely, and in conjunction with the preachers he conducted the work effectively along the line of definite results. If all that was hoped for was not consciously attained, something at least was done: souls were saved, and other souls were refreshed and revived, while the feeling grew from day to day that on this old field where the fathers triumphed, the Holy Spirit may again be manifested with power. From the first there was a deeply devotional influence and a disposition to work, while the sermons, without a single exception, were so direct in their earnestness that by God's blessing they cannot fail to do good.

The present writer did not arrive in time to hear the three illustrated lectures by Rev. J. J. Lewis, of Boston, on "Our Canadian Cousins," "A New Version of the Passion Play of Oberammergau," and "Paths of the Pilgrims." However, we heard them well spoken of. The camp-meeting proper commenced with Tuesday, when Rev. M. Kearney preached, at 10 A. M., at the auditorium, from Rev. 3: 20. Thursday, which brought a warm and lively love-feast and a moving sermon by Dr. Rees, of Cincinnati (Heb. 2: 3), was "the great day of the feast." Dr. T. B. Neely, of Philadelphia, gave instructive sermons from Jude 20: 21 and John 1: 7 on the afternoons of Wednesday and Thursday. Other preachers and subjects are the following: Tuesday, 2 P. M., Rev. U. G. Lyons, of Castine, Acts 16: 30; 7 P. M., Rev. T. S. Ross, of Camden, Luke 19: 10 and Gen. 2: 9. Wednesday, 10 A. M., Rev. C. L. Banghart, of Damariscotta, Isa. 5: 35; 7 P. M., Rev. W. V. Ogier, presiding elder Rockland District, Matt. 5: 17. Thursday, 7 P. M., Rev. I. H. Lidstone of Hartland, Rom. 6: 23. Friday, 10 A. M., Rev. J. H. Irvine, of Clinton, Heb. 11: 18; 2 P. M., Rev. G. G. Winslow, of Belfast, Psalm 23: 6. 7 P. M., Rev. I. H. W. Wharff, of Ellsworth, 2 Cor. 5: 20. Sunrise meetings at the auditorium at 5 A. M., and cottage meetings at the Hampden, Winterville, Belfast and other houses, at 7 A. M. and 8 P. M., were indubitably held and fully attended. On Friday, at 5 A. M., a special inquiry meeting was held under the conduct of Rev. J. M. Frost, where cases of spiritual hindrance and difficulty were stated and advice given. The meeting closed with an impressive altar service.

The annual meeting of the Wesleyan Grove Camp-meeting Association was held at Grace Church (Bangor) Chapel, Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 1 P. M. H. B. Dunbar, president, presiding. Rev. J. M. Frost, on the part of the treasurer, read his report, which shows a good financial condition. A partial report was given by J. R. Mears on the part of the trustees. Improvements are constantly being made on the grounds, and others are in contemplation. It was voted that the leader of the camp-meeting be appointed by the Conference; that the presiding elders, with a committee of the trustees, arrange the date of the next meeting; and that the Conference be requested to re-appoint Rev. J. M. Frost as leader. It was also voted that the trustees arrange for a C. L. S. C. and Summer School Assembly to be held before the camp-meeting.

The following are the officers for the present year: President, H. B. Dunbar, of Bangor; secretary, Rev. J. M. Frost, of Bangor; treasurer, C. F. Ginn, of Belfast; trustees, T. H. Wentworth, C. F. Ginn, J. R. Mears, M. C. Hill, H. B. Dunbar, G. M. Warren, and H. E. Foss.

The good order, which was assisted by the competent police force, the fine weather which generally prevailed throughout the week, together with the interest of the meetings, which seemed not to diminish until the last, united to make this 46th camp-meeting on the Northport Camp-ground one to be long remembered. The services were discontinued on Friday evening with a fellowship meeting, the forming of a circle of friendship, the clasping of hands, and singing of the hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds." It is due to say that the labor of Rev. W. J. Wilson, a veteran preacher of our Conference, at Northport, have led up to the camp-meeting, and his conspicuous efforts during the week materially assisted. Besides the preachers mentioned there were present during the whole or some part of the week the following: Rev. N. R. Pearson, Rockport; Rev. David Smith, Brooksville; Rev. H. W. Norton, presiding elder of Bucksport District; Rev. W. A. McGraw, Orrington Centre (who was taken ill, and remained on the ground after the meetings discontinued); Rev. H. E. Foss, First Church, Bangor; Rev. J. T. Richardson, Bucksport; Rev. A. J. Lockhart, Hampden Corner; Rev. J. E. Lombard, Orrington; Rev. S. A. Bender, Wiscasset; Rev. E. B. Burill, Unity; Rev. W. H. Maffit, Bucksport Centre; Rev. S. H. Beale, Camden; Rev. O. H. Fernand, Searsport; Rev. H. J. Holt, Morrill; Rev. W. H. Powlesland, South West Harbor; Rev. J. L. Folson, Deer Isle; Rev. W. C. Baker, Searsport; Rev. T. E. Jones, Orono; Rev. J. P. Simonton, Winterville; Rev. O. A. Plumer, Thomaston; Rev. H. D. Flemming, Montville; Rev. W. P. Greenlaw, Wesley; and Revs. Andrews and Stephen — all of whom contributed to the interest of the

meetings. The children's meetings at 1 P. M., under the conduct of Rev. C. L. Banghart, are worthy of special mention, as were the Bible readings at 4 P. M. by several brethren. Excellent music was provided, and hearty singing was a feature of the occasion. A. J. L.

## Bangor District.

*Littleton Camp-meeting.* — The elements were favorable, and the people were on the ground in goodly numbers and ready for the opening consecration meeting on Monday evening, Aug. 17. Several of our preachers were present and took part, and the meeting proved both pleasant and profitable.

Tuesday, at 8 A. M., a social service and the Lord's Supper was followed by a good and pungent sermon by Rev. E. V. Allen, of Hodgdon. After this the following brethren preached in the order given: Revs. D. H. Piper, D. B. Dow, I. H. Lidstone, W. F. Stewart (Northampton, Mass.), C. C. Whidden, J. W. Day, E. S. Stackpole, T. F. Jones, F. E. White, E. S. Stackpole.

The attendance was good. Excursions on Thursday and Friday brought large numbers of exceedingly orderly people. The children's meetings, daily, under the direction of Rev. T. F. Jones, were an interesting and notable feature. The boarding-house and stable were run by an excellent Christian family, and were conducted, we think, to the satisfaction of all patrons. There was much faithful work done, and much fruit. The future of Littleton camp-ground promises much.

*Foxcroft Camp-meeting.* — The meetings here opened Monday evening, Aug. 24, in the same order as did Littleton. Great interest and a spirit of consecration was manifest from the beginning. Tuesday morning the first sermon was preached by Rev. G. H. Hamilton, of Pittsfield, and the brethren preached as follows: Revs. F. H. Osgood, Dr. Rees (Cincinnati, O.), D. B. Dow, W. F. Stewart (Northampton, Mass.), E. S. Stackpole, J. W. Day, F. E. White, C. H. Johnnett, J. M. Buffum, C. C. Whidden, W. L. Brown, D. R. Pierce, Dr. R. L. Greene (Somerville, Mass.).

The children's meetings, in charge of Misses Sadie Lowell and Mabel Sawyer, of Dexter, were a marked success. As many as 115 were in attendance, and conversions were numerous. In one of these meetings as many as sixty took part in prayer or testimony and several asked prayers. The young people's meetings were well attended and interesting.

There was never better preaching than at these two camp-meetings. East Maine furnished the most of it. Rev. Dr. E. S. Stackpole attended both, and his delightful spirit and able exposition of Scripture were greatly enjoyed and beneficial. Dr. Rees was enjoyed for one evening, and Dr. R. L. Greene, of Somerville, captivated the great crowd of Sunday by two masterly sermons. Rev. W. F. Stewart was welcomed by his former associates of East Maine. The attendance was good, especially on the Sabbath, when 6,000 people were present. These meetings were conducted on salvation principles. Church members were shown that if they did not come up from their respective churches in the fullness of the Spirit, they ought to be ashamed of it. We believe that many went away having found their Bethel there, while large numbers found "the pearl of great price." These meetings were said, by many, to be the very best ever held upon the grounds. The Associations were well pleased with the outcome financially, and we are sure that, with more matured plans and new features to be introduced, the future will be better than the past.

A very impressive and interesting occasion in the Foxcroft meeting was the memorial service on Saturday afternoon for the persons closely identified with this camp-ground who have died during the year: J. H. Ramsdell (the first, and for many years, president), Mrs. J. W. Day, Mrs. S. L. Shaw, Mrs. Fred C. Shipley, Daniel Genther, Mrs. Ida Pierce, Mrs. Fairbrothers, Mrs. Starboard, Mr. Arnold, Rev. Elisha Skinner, Mrs. W. P. Hubbard, Mrs. Chas. Palmer. Hon. E. M. Tibbets, the present president, spoke most feelingly of his esteemed predecessor, and was followed by Rev. C. C. Whidden, Rev. J. T. Crosby and Rev. E. H. Boynton, who spoke of these several persons as they personally knew them. The loss to the Association is great, but God is raising up others to take their places.

A pleasant occasion during the same meeting was the dedication of the beautiful cottage, near the stand, of Mr. Young, of Dexter. He and his wife are highly esteemed, and it is sincerely hoped that they may live long to enjoy this cottage. He has taken great pains to make it both pleasant and convenient, and it is to be given to the Association when he ceases to occupy it, when, doubtless, it will become a home for the presiding elder of Bangor District. The exercises consisted of singing by the choir, reading of Scripture, remarks by Revs. J. W. Day and J. F. Haley, his pastor, and prayer by the presiding elder. At the conclusion, Mr. Young, now 70 years of age, his wife and three children were introduced to the company.

Farrar's Orchestra did excellent service all the week, and the singing by an immense choir,

under the leadership of A. S. Farrar, was of the highest order.

*Dover.* — A pleasant Sabbath was passed with this church, Aug. 23. The pastor and wife are visiting his old home in the Aroostook. The heart of the people was saddened by the announcement of the death of Rev. Daniel Genther, a local preacher and esteemed member, just at the time of service. All departments of church work are doing well.

*Gulford and Sangerville.* — The pastor is absent on his vacation. The new church at Sangerville is completed on the outside and is "a thing of beauty." We hope to dedicate it the first of January. E. H. B.

## Vermont Conference.

## St. Johnsbury District.

*Missionary Debt.* — Will the pastors all report to the presiding elder the amount of their collection for the debt, so that he can know the aggregate of district offerings? In some way or other every pastor on the district should take the offering before Oct. 1, and should make a strenuous attempt to secure the full apportionment of ten cents per member. If it cannot be done in one way, it may be in another, and nothing should hinder its accomplishment.

*Greensboro.* — Pastor Morrow is evidently an expert bicyclist, for he went on his wheel to Old Orchard for a vacation, riding one hundred miles one day on his return.

*Barton.* — Rev. W. E. Douglass took his vacation in a novel way — taking his wife and children in a carriage and driving over the State to his former parishes, where he met hosts of friends and received a royal welcome.

*Burke.* — In the absence of the pastor on a vacation, Rev. J. A. Sherburne was charge d'affaires, preaching on Sundays, attending funerals in that and other towns, officiating at weddings, and giving set addresses at conventions. And he did all this with credit to himself, benefit to the cause, and pleasure to his myriad friends.

*St. Johnsbury Centre.* — Pastor Clark has been varying the Sabbath evening services, and recently gave one lecture on "The Possibilities of Young Womanhood as Illustrated by the Life of St. Clara," and another on "The Young Man for the Times." These lectures were fraught with great interest to the large congregations listening, and were highly complimented by Mrs. Smith, wife of Rev. Geo. Crosby Smith, for a long time the principal of Drew Ladies' Seminary at Carmel, N. Y. Mrs. Smith suggested that they ought to be given a wider hearing, and that they were suitable for the lecture platform. Mr. Clark has consented to give the one on "The Young Man for the Times" before any church or young people's society wishing it. In making up the courses for fall and winter, it will be well to bear this in mind.

*Lunenburg.* — Pastor Munroe has begun the publication of a series of "Tracts for the Times," the first issue being on the "Christian Sabbath." This is a forcible and trenchant putting of the case, and presents the obligations of the day in such a way as to win the approval of the candid reader.

*Newport.* — Rev. Geo. O. Howe recently preached the annual sermon before the Evening Star Lodge, I. O. O. F. The local paper gave a sketch and appreciative notice of the sermon.

*Derby.* — The Barton Monitor states that Rev. I. P. Chase, of the M. E. Church of this place, is quite ill at the home of his daughter in Irasburgh.

*Barton Landing.* — Rev. Dr. Rowland and family are spending their vacation in Ohio.

*Hardwick.* — In its religious department the Hardwick Gazette frequently publishes stenographic reports of Pastor Smithers' sermons,

**WHEATLET** is never absent from our breakfast table, it is so delicious and nutritious that it seems in a great measure to supply the place of flesh food. MRS. HESTER M. POOLE, Metchosin, N. J., Jan. 29, '96.

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It is constructed of dark Flemish Oak, skillfully stained so that it has the appearance of being 300 years old. It bears the same interesting color which is seen in the Coronation Chair of Edward I. in Westminster Abbey (A. D. 1296).

The upper shelf is supported by huge beasts exquisitely carved in full relief. The drawer fronts and posts are a mass of carving. The framing of the front legs is very odd and interesting.

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the reports being made by Mr. K. C. Wright, a local preacher.

**Woodbury.** — Rev. N. A. Ross, the pastor of our church here, has been honored by his townsmen by an election to the General Assembly, he being, according to the *Gazette*, the only man who could unite the various party factions. Although he did not desire the election, and sought to prevent the nomination, the universal esteem in which he is justly held rendered him the self-evident man for the position.

RETLAW.

## N. E. Southern Conference.

### Norwich District.

**Willimantic Camp-meeting.** — The camp-meeting which has just closed at Willimantic will be remembered as one of the most successful which has ever been held upon that old camp-ground. The weather could not have been more delightful, allowing every service to be held in the open air. The date being somewhat later than usual, a larger number of farmers and others who had finished their summer work were in attendance. The audiences throughout the week were unusually large and attentive. The excellent preaching was appreciated. The president, Rev. G. H. Bates, was most happy in all his arrangements for the meeting, and with his usual easy grace presided over the meeting. There was not the slightest friction, but, on the contrary, the utmost harmony of desire on the part of all for the success of his plans. He was fortunate in being able to secure not only some of the very best preachers in our own Conference, but also Bishop Mailalieu, Bishop Hartzell, Dr. W. A. Spencer, Dr. G. B. Wight, of New Jersey, Rev. A. H. Nazarian, of Boston, and ex-Mayor Carter, of Chelsea.

The "old-time service," which was held Thursday afternoon, was a new feature in the meeting, and was greatly enjoyed by the large number of elderly people who were gathered near to the stand. A large chorus choir, led by David Gordon, of Hazardville, composed of the "old-time" singers, led the audience in the singing of the grand old tunes of our church. "Exhortation" as it was sung will be long remembered by those who heard it.

"Laymen's Day" was observed Saturday. Excellent addresses were made by Messrs. Costello Lippitt, of Norwich, ex-Mayor Carter, of Chelsea, and G. R. Bates, State secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

Sunday, Aug. 30, will be remembered as one of the greatest days in the history of Willimantic Camp-ground. It was said that rarely, if ever, had more people been gathered on this ground. Every seat was occupied. Settees and chairs were brought out of the society chapels, and still crowds were standing to hear the sermons. The preachers of the day were Rev. Richard Povey, of New London, Dr. Spencer, and Dr. L. B. Bates. Altar services were held after each sermon, and scores of unconverted persons came forward, while hundreds of Christians gathered in the altar seeking new blessings upon their renewed consecration. The meeting broke up Sunday night at a late hour with the usual scenes of right good fellowship.

JULIAN S. WADSWORTH.

## New England Conference.

### South District.

**Boston, First Church.** — The pastor, Rev. C. L. Goodell, will preach in his own pulpit, Sunday, the 13th, for the first time since his return from an extended European tour. The church will heartily welcome him and his bride. In the evening Mr. Goodell will speak upon "The Religious Condition of Europe."

**Bromfield St., Boston.** — On Sunday, Aug. 30, an audience of four hundred assembled in this church. On Missionary Debt-paying Sunday the collection was over \$50.

**Boston, Parkman Street.** — Rev. Samuel Jackson has been steadily at his work during the whole summer season. He recognizes, as have other pastors, the splendid field all about his church, only wishing that its site were on one of the leading avenues rather than on a side street. Exceptional opportunities are on every hand. The locality is being rapidly built up. The church membership, though not large, is spiritual and loyal.

**Mattapan.** — The pastor, Rev. W. A. Mayo, is afflicted in the serious illness of his aged mother, living at the parsonage. U.

**Worcester.** — Apparently the vacation season is over, for the pulpit announcements indicate the return of all the Methodist ministers to their respective charges. Let us hope that all are in readiness for the coming year. While we will take a deal of time and attention this fall, there is room for active Christian work.

**Trinity** is about to observe the twenty-fifth anniversary of the erection of her edifice, though just why this should occur in the autumn, when it was dedicated in April, is something of a mystery. Bishop Mailalieu will preach next Wednesday evening in commemoration of the event. He was the pastor when the new building was occupied. There will be other exercises fittingly recalling this important date in the church's existence. It comes all the more appropriately now that the edifice has been so thoroughly renovated. We Worcester people have followed, in the *HERALD*, the travels of Dr. Pickles in his English ramble, and rejoice at his safe return. Dr. Benj. F. Clough, surgeon of Post 10, G. A. R., has just returned from a visit to Maine, where he inspected the Soldiers' Home at Togus. He will soon give to the Post a *résumé* of his observations.

**Oral St.** — Rev. A. F. Herrick, so recently deceased, was, in 1881-'83, the pastor of this church, and he is still most affectionately remembered.

**Grace.** — The next anniversary of church election will be that of this society. The edifice was dedicated in January, 1871. QUIK.

### North District.

**Bowerville, First Church.** — Rev. Geo. S. Butler, pastor, began, Sept. 6, to preach Sunday evenings. He has enjoyed a very pleasant and restful vacation of a month, and returns to vigorously carry on his work with a loyal and energetic people.

### For Sick Headache

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate, It removes the cause by stimulating the action of the stomach, promoting digestion and quieting the nerves.

**W. F. M. S. at Sterling.** — The auxiliary at the Sterling Camp-ground was founded in 1880, and has always been conducted with great enthusiasm and success. During the greater part of the time it has raised \$100 each year for the support of three orphans in heathen lands. The interest of late years has in no way diminished, but other organizations, worthily engaged, having sprung up, the workers, assembled here partly for a respite from just such cares which press heavily upon them at home, have felt that they were somewhat overtaxed. Hence, when word was received, two years ago, that one of the orphans, at Bareilly, India, had finished her education and was married, it was decided to take but one scholarship hereafter in India, and the society was thus relieved of the necessity of raising \$30. Their obligations now are but for \$70 — for one Chinese and one India orphan.

This year has been a busy one. A veranda entertainment, held in connection with the cottages and grounds of two of the residents, in July, netted \$13. A mite-box entertainment held in Epworth League Hall, Aug. 17, brought in \$50. This was a somewhat elaborate affair, carefully prepared for and greatly enjoyed. The mite-boxes (fifty to adults and thirty to children) had been distributed early in the season and were accepted as entrance fees, ten cents being required of others. A Japanese tea-party, consisting of three little girls, aroused much interest, and the musical and literary program was unusually good. From the adult mite-box \$21 was received, from the children's \$15, from the entrance fees \$11, for the ice cream \$3. At the anniversary hour, during camp-meeting week, a collection of \$50 was taken. So that the ladies were able to send to the treasury \$80 and have a little left for next year. A song, adapted to the occasion from familiar words, and which may be found useful at other places, is here appended:

### CAMP-MEETING MISSIONARY HYMN.

[Words composed on Sterling Camp-ground for a missionary meeting.]

We are tenting tonight on the old camp-ground, Give us your gold to cheer. The reapers are few, and the fields are white, And harvest-time draws near.

### Chorus:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight, Waiting for your aid to come; Many are the hearts looking for the light To pierce the pagan gloom.

We are thinking tonight on the old camp-ground, Of work that waits to be done; And of brave true men who have left their homes, To bear the Gospel on.

We've been fighting for eye on the old camp-ground, Waging a goodly fight, But many a conflict must soon be won, So give us your help tonight.

### Chorus, with refrain:

Give, then tonight, give then tonight, Give from the old camp-ground.

### East District.

**Broadway Church, Lynn.** — Rev. E. H. and Mrs. Thrasher will receive the tender sympathy of many friends in their affliction caused by the death of their infant daughter, fifteen months old.

**Sterling Camp-meeting.** — Nature and grace combined this year for the best possible success of Sterling Camp-meeting. With the exception of a slight shower on Thursday, the weather was perfect.

The usual custom of giving the first day to the Epworth League was observed. Rev. A. M. Osgood, of Woburn, president of the North District League, had charge. Following the pentecostal service was an "open parliament," which gave a brief view of the methods and results of League work in the churches represented. The outlook was inspiring and helpful. In the afternoon Prof. Buechler of Boston gave an address on "The Relation of Music to the Spiritual Life." Then followed a practical and suggestive paper by Rev. Chas. Tilton, of Springfield, on "Amusements." Rev. B. F. Kingsley, of West Pittsburg, president of the North District Junior League, gave an excellent address on "The Importance of Junior League Work." The chief feature of Monday evening's exercises was a discourse of great power by Dr. E. R. Thorndike, of the West District. The speaker pleaded eloquently with the Epworthians not to love the present evil and unreal world. Epworth League Day closed with a question-box in Epworth League Hall, conducted by Mr. Osgood.

The camp-meeting proper opened Tuesday morning and was under the efficient management of Dr. Geo. F. Eaton, of North District. The sunrise meetings held each morning in Epworth League Hall were well attended and were scenes of marked spiritual power. The services held in the various tents and church houses at 5 A. M., 1 and 6 P. M. each day were very helpful to all who attended them. The preaching was by the following brethren: Revs. J. W. Fulton, G. M. Smiley, Alonzo Sanderson, Elias Hodge, J. F. Allen, W. E. Knox, D. H. Els, N. T. Whistler, C. M. Hall, A. P. Sharp, L. W. Adams, and G. W. Simonson. The subjects presented were well-chosen and prepared with thoroughness, and were delivered with a force and unction that produced conviction. We regret that our space does not permit even the briefest outline of the sermons. To mention only one or two would be invidious. Suffice it to say, that under the convincing preaching and the earnest exhortations that followed, sinners were led to seek Christ and believers were at the altar seeking the endowment of the Holy Ghost. Several of the altar services reached the high-water mark of spiritual joy and fervor.

In addition to those who preached, the following clergymen were present and assisted in the various meetings whenever opportunity was found: Revs. J. O. Knowles, R. F. Holway, Geo. W. Mansfield, H. P. Rankin, H. E. Whyman, N. W. Devenson, Victor Witting, N. Eagle, W. Pentecost, W. H. Adams, A. W. Baird, H. C. Crosby, L. P. Causey, G. H. Cheney, G. O. Crosby, J. A. Day, F. P. Fisk, P. Frost, N. D. George, F. T. George, W. J. Hambleton, E. P. Herrick, E. A. Howard, R. H. Howard, J. H. Humphrey, B. F. Kingsley, James Mudge, J. G. Nelson, H. H. Paine, John Peterson, M. G. Prescott, G. E. Sanderson, C. R. Sherman, F. K. Stratton, W. A. Thurston, Charles Tilton, J. H. Tompson, C. W. Wilder, G. R. Grose, and Evangelist Parks. Besides these brethren in the ministry a large number of laymen from the various charges rendered efficient aid in the success of the meeting.

At the annual meeting of the trustees of the ground the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, A. B. F. Kinney; vice-president, Rev. John Peterson, secretary and treasurer, Cyrus Spaulding. The board adopted resolutions on the death of L. T. Jeffs, which have been printed in the *HERALD*. The people were asked several times by Mr. Kinney to contribute toward the payment of the debt of the Association; and to the amount given, \$200, Mrs. L. T. Jeffs, who was sadly missed from the grounds, added \$100.

The singing was led by J. H. Heminway, of

Saxonyville, assisted by a choir of Epworth Leaguers. The thanks of the trustees and the audience on Friday evening were extended to Mr. Heminway and the choir for the excellent assistance they had rendered toward the success of the meeting.

Two attractive features of the meeting were the dedication of the beautiful new Laurel St. Church chapel on Tuesday, in charge of the pastor, Rev. George W. Mansfield, and of the new and attractive Ashburnham Church house on Wednesday, in charge of the pastor, Rev. A. W. Baird.

The anniversary of the auxiliary of the W. F. M. S. was held on Thursday, presided over by Mrs. J. L. Harrison, of Worcester. In the absence of Dr. Hoskins, who had been announced to speak, Dr. Mudge gave an instructive address on our mission work in India. Dr. Hoskins, who came later, lectured Friday afternoon on the progress of the Gospel in India. The lecture was illustrated by the use of a large map of India, and led the audience to exclaim inwardly, "What hath God wrought!"

The anniversary of the W. H. M. S. was held on Friday, and was presided over by Mrs. John Legg, of Worcester. Mrs. S. W. Floyd and Rev. G. W. Mansfield addressed the meeting.

The special services of the Swedish brethren followed on Saturday and Sunday, and were attended by the Divine blessing.

Thus ended what is considered by many as one of the best meetings ever held at Sterling. The joy possessing the people at the close of the services was mirrored in the heart of a certain veteran layman who returned to his home on Saturday morning rejoicing with two granddaughters over their now-found Saviour. The talk that arose from many hearts at the close of the last service at 10 o'clock on Friday evening in the Laurel St. chapel was: "Oh, that we may take the spirit of this meeting home with us!" The answer came in the promise of the Master that was there renewed: "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end." Only let this promise be realized by those who attended the Sterling Camp-meeting of 1896, and gracious results will follow in all the charges represented.

GRO. H. CHENEY.

### West District.

**Amherst.** — Rev. A. L. Squier is busy taking his Church Aid collection in the various churches assigned to him.

**Bondsville.** — Willard and Roland Butterfield, twelve and twelve years of age respectively, were drowned Aug. 11. They were both members of the Sunday-school and of the Junior League, and their sudden death casts a heavy shadow over the entire church. At the funeral the children of the Sunday-school sang. The doubly-afflicted parents have the sympathy of the entire town.

**Hampden.** — The first Sabbath in August was a good day. Three were baptized, and three received into full membership. At Glendale in the afternoon, Rev. Mr. Merrill, of Wilbraham, now superannuated, but formerly pastor here and with great success in soul-winning, was present and assisted in the services, to the edification and delight of the people. Rev. J. H. Bennett is pastor.

**Laurel Park Camp-meeting.** — This meeting opened on Monday evening, Aug. 17, with a praise service conducted by Rev. J. A. Betcher, of Williamsburg, and a short address by Rev. Geo. W. Clarke. Mr. Betcher had charge of the singing throughout the meeting, and was ably assisted by Mrs. K. W. Knowlton, organist, and Rev. A. B. Gifford, of West Brookfield, cornetist. Sermons were preached by the following: Rev. W. H. Prescott, Miss M. R. Waterman, evangelist; Revs. G. W. Locke, J. P. West, Geo. F. Eaton, D. W. H. Marlie, J. R. Chaffee, H. E. Bisbee, Fayette Nichols, W. H. Dockham, C. R. Sherman, N. B. Fisk, A. L. Squier, W. C. Townsend, W. G. Richardson and S. P. Herrick. Rev. Geo. L. Collier, of Chelsea, and Rev. C. W. Rowley, of Manchester, spoke on Epworth League Day, and Dr. Hoskins, of India, at the W. F. M. S. anniversary. The preaching was most appropriate to the occasion, and did much good. There was very little to criticize, and much to approve. Some "I's" and "I think's" could have been spared to the great improvement of some of the sermons. Rev. J. O. Knowles, D. D., was a welcome guest during four days of the meeting, and rendered good service with his hearty exhortations. N. G. Payson, of Springfield, did grand service at the six o'clock morning and nine o'clock evening meetings, which were special services for the promotion of holiness. Presiding Elder Thorndike was wise in management and prompt in service. On Friday he went to fill an engagement to speak at the anniversary dinner of the Conway High School. Results of the meeting are seen in some conversions and many lifted into a higher Christian life. Many declared it to be the very best meeting ever held on the grounds.

### False Economy

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

## Church Register.

### HERALD CALENDAR.

First Gen. Dis. Ep. League Convention at Providence, B. I. Sept. 10-12. Manchester District Epworth League Convention at Keene, N. H. Sept. 11-13. Providence Dis. Ep. League Convention at Bristol, R. I. Sept. 12-14. Norwich Dis. Ep. League Annual Convention at Stafford Springs, Ct. Sept. 15-17.

N. H. CONFERENCE. — Brethren of the various classes who are to be examined in Old Testament exegesis please prepare papers and forward them to the committee three or four weeks before the opening of Conference. Make your own selections from the following portions of the Word: Gen. 1: 8-9; Exod. 30: 8-11; Deut. 6: 4-9; Isa. 1: 8-10; 16-30; 10: 20-32; 19: 18-23; 28: 13-14; 31: 1-3. Warren, Horwell, Green and Smith are helpful works on the Pentateuch and Isaiah.

G. W. BURKE, for Committee.

TROY DISTRICT EPWORTH LEAGUE. — The Sixth District Convention will be held at North Adams, Thursday, Oct. 1, Rev. Thos. A. Griffin, D. D., president. Bishop W. X. Niide will deliver the evening address.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

### CONSUMPTION.

TO THE METHODIST PREACHERS OF BOSTON AND VICINITY. — BRETHREN: Shall we hold union revival services this fall? The answer to this question has been long delayed. Your committee announces a meeting for its final settlement Tuesday, Sept. 16, at 2:30 p. m., in the Committee Room, 31 Bromfield St. Come.

L. B. BATES, Chairman.  
F. N. UPHAM, Secretary.

MAINE CONFERENCE LOCAL PREACHERS' ASSOCIATION. — In accordance with a vote of the Association, the semi-annual session will be held on the first Tuesday of October, the place to be designated by the executive committee.

JOSEPH MOUTON, Sec.

TO THE PREACHERS OF ST. JOHNSBURY DISTRICT. — Will the preachers of St. Johnsbury District be so kind as to report to the presiding elder the amount of collection taken for missionary debt? I do hope that every pastor on the district will see to it that a collection is taken before Oct. 15, if they have not already taken one for that purpose. We want to report through the *HERALD* by Oct. 20 the full amount taken on the district to help remove the debt. The St. Johnsbury District cannot afford to be behind any other district in missionary collections.

J. HAMILTON.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE — Monday, Sept. 16, at 10 a. m., in Bromfield St. Church. Subject: "The City — Our City" — 1. "The Position and Power of the City"; Rev. A. D. Mayo, D. D., L. D.; 2. "Character and Character-Forming in the City. Virtues and Vices, Joys and Sorrows," Rev. W. E. Barton, D. D.; 3. "How to Bring Christ to the City," Rev. Scott P. Horshay, Ph. D.; 4. "How to Bring the City to Christ," Rev. F. E. Marsten, D. D., of Columbus, O. Public invited.

WILL C. WOOD, Sec.

RE-DEDICATION. — The Congress St. M. E. Church, Portland, will be rededicated on Sunday, Sept. 23. The church has been thoroughly renovated and refurbished, and all former pastors and friends are cordially invited to the reopening exercises. A full program of the services will appear in the *HERALD* next week.

GEO. D. LINDSEY.

## Business Notices.

READ the last column on the 15th page for announcement of the latest publications of the Methodist Book Concern.

### FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

### QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

#### BANGOR DISTRICT — SECOND QUARTER.

AUGUST.

3. Dover, Sangerville 24-25. Foxcroft Camp-meeting & Guilford;

### SEPTEMBER.

5, Orono & Stillwater; 19, Monson;

### OCTOBER.

7, Sangerville; 19, Harmony & Athens;

### NOVEMBER.

15, Cornish & Exeter; 21, St. Newport;

### DECEMBER.

18, Pittsfield; 23, 24, Carmel & Levant;

### JANUARY.

25, 26, Grace Ch., Bangor;

### FEBRUARY.

27, Lincoln & Danforth;

### MARCH.



## Obituaries.

Pettingill. — Mrs. Jennie L. Pettingill, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Loud, of Chelsea, and wife of Mr. John D. Pettingill, of Malden, died, Aug. 25, 1896.

She had been much out of health for the last two years. She was a loving sister and a devoted wife, and was more of a home body than a social leader. She had many warm friends in her home circle who will miss her acts of loving kindness. She became a member of the Walnut St. Methodist Church of Chelsea when quite a young girl, her mother being a member of the same church. When living in Chelsea she was a constant attendant, and had many friends in the society who will remember her well.

She leaves a husband, a sister, and two brothers, who will sadly miss her from the home. She was buried in the family lot at Woodlawn Cemetery.

Emerson. — Loring Emerson was born in Webster, Mass., Oct. 27, 1811, and died at his home in Uxbridge, Mass., Aug. 4, 1896, aged 84 years, 9 months and 8 days.

Oct. 12, 1834, Mr. Emerson married Marinda Curtis, of Thompson, Conn., whom he leaves to mourn her loss after a married life of nearly sixty-two years. They had two sons and two daughters. When the war broke out, the sons enlisted, and one, Ebenezer, died in Florence prison. The other one, Lewis, returned from the war and lived till ten years ago. The two daughters are still living, both married. One, a widow, returned home a few years ago to care for her parents in their advanced years. Mr. Emerson had lived to see five great-grandchildren.

Of Mr. Emerson much might be said. He was a good citizen, a peaceful neighbor, a loving father, a kind husband, a devoted Christian. His influence was felt beyond his home and church. As a friend to the friendless, a helper to the helpless, and a father to the fatherless, he had long been known in the community as "Father" Emerson. The old and the young loved him. He, with his wife, one daughter and two sons joined the Methodist Church in Oxford, Mass., in 1854. After that he moved to Spencer, where he was superintendent of the Sabbath-school for many years. The last twenty-five years of his life have been spent in Uxbridge, where he has been identified with the Methodist society from its beginning. He was one of the first board of stewards, the first class-leader, and a trustee at his death. He loved his church for which he so willingly toiled and sacrificed to the last. He gave for its support till he could give no more. He labored for its welfare till his strength was gone. And though his memory failed him greatly in the last few years of his life, yet at the mention of his church his benignant face became radiant with a heavenly glow, revealing the undying interest and pride he had for her, till he passed victoriously to the church above. His life was long and good; his sickness was short and easy; his death was calm and triumphant.

The funeral services were conducted at the home by his pastor, and his remains were laid peacefully at rest in the old cemetery at Spencer. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yes, saith the Spirit, that they may rest in peace and the rewards of the faithful be hers!" W. C. B.

Davis. — Deborah Davis, widow of Thomas Davis, died in Auburn, Me., Aug. 28, 1896, aged 75 years.

She was born in Poland, and lived in that town many years, but for the past thirty years has resided at Minot Corner. Shortly before her death she removed to Auburn, where she lived with her son George, who kindly cared for her until her death.

Mrs. Davis was converted to God in early life and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was a faithful and consistent member of the same for more than half a century. She was kind and faithful in her family, and loved by all who knew her. She delighted in God's Word, which was her comfort and support in life's trials.

Called to pass through physical sufferings, Mrs. Davis realized that these sufferings were not "worthy to be compared with the glory that would be revealed in us," and she patiently endured, looking forward with blessed assurance to that "rest which remaineth for the people of God." Stricken with paralysis, her death was sudden. As a kind mother her loss is deeply felt by her three sons and a sister who survive her. May the grace of God be their strength and support in their sorrow! The funeral service was attended by the writer at Minot Corner, Aug. 31. J. W. SMITH.

ARTHUR DECHMAN.

Keen. — Josiah Keen was born Nov. 21, 1810, and died at the old homestead in Kittery, Me., Aug. 19, 1896.

Mr. Keen was converted in early life and joined the Kittery First Church. He was one of the original "class" from which the second church was formed in October, 1866, and together with his wife who was called home four years ago, took a very active part in all its work. He was clear and strong in his convictions, and a devoted adherent to the cause of Christ. The writer has been greatly interested in his recital of the early experiences of Methodist in this community, a theme of which he never tired.

The death of his beloved wife was a great blow from which he never seemed to have fully recovered. For years he has been just waiting to hear the summons and join her in the better land. He seemed a venerable patriarch who was spared to encourage the faith of others by his experience and cheerful counsel. Surely he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. For several years he has been quite deaf, but very active for a man of his age until about three months ago, when he began to fail in health. His hope was strong and clear to the end, and many have been made better by his life and death.

He leaves three sons and two daughters — J. E. Keen, of the U. S. Navy; H. C. Keen, of York; N. J. Keen, of Amesbury, Mass.; Mrs. J. W. Ball, of Lynn, Mass.; and Mrs. George W. Damon, who has tenderly cared for him in his declining years. D. F. F.

Sprague. — Emma E. Sprague, after a brief attack of typhoid pneumonia, died, Aug. 2, 1896, at Providence, R. I., while on a visit with her sister. She was born in Hoosac Falls, N. Y., July 7, 1862.

Having lived in Danbury, Conn., Worcester, and North Adams, Miss Sprague came to Brookfield in 1872. Her childhood home, in which she was favored with strong Christian influences, was broken by the early death of her father, a noble, pious man. About twenty years ago her mother was united in marriage with Mr. Oscar Bemis, forming a home relation bound by the closest ties of love. Mr. and Mrs. Bemis, Minnie C. Sprague, Hattie E. and George B. Bemis, are left.

Miss Sprague loved the church. As a Sunday-school teacher, as a founder and member of the young people's society, as a member of the Ladies' Aid Society, and as president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, her untiring labor, her self-sacrificing devotion, her wise counsel, and her loving sympathy will live within the memory of all who knew her. Her great ambition was to help others, and no one need departed from her presence without some token of sympathy.

She formed her warmest friendships with rare wisdom, and made them sacred by truthfulness and devotion. In no relation of life were these traits of character more beautifully illustrated than in the home. The same ideals were embodied in her Christian experience. To her Christ was a friend, and her relations with the Divine Life were those of friendship. She was

familiar with the best thought of the day. Close application had brought her into the enjoyment of true culture. To a remarkable extent she taught to the world in which she moved the principles of living, packing into her short life more of culture, character and service than many who reach the limit of three score and ten years.

"It is finished" were the words upon one of the many floral tributes at her funeral. How true! A large, beautiful and fragrant life closed, ready for the larger, richer life of heaven. Our loss is her gain. She dwells in the realms of never-ending joy and peace.

JOHN R. CHAFFEE.

Loring. — Mrs. Bessie Loring, of San Francisco, Calif., died at the home of W. H. Allen, Calais, Me., Aug. 10, 1896, aged 42 years.

Mrs. Loring was a niece of Mrs. Allen, but as her mother died when she was an infant, she was always regarded as a younger sister. She was educated in the public schools of Calais. She came to Calais nearly a year ago, arriving just in season to attend the funeral of her aged grandmother; and her husband arrived just in season to attend her funeral. Her sickness was extremely painful, but she was patient, cheerful and trusting through it all. She was beautiful in person and in character. Her life was hid with Christ in God.

Hosts of friends, besides a husband and two promising boys, mourn very deeply her death.

A. S. LADD.

Farrar. — Fannie B., wife of John W. Farrar, was born May 29, 1866, and died May 31, 1896, at her home in Searsport, Maine.

Mrs. Farrar's parents were Charles and Margaret Fogg, who, at the time of her birth, lived in West Appleton. When she was about six years of age the family moved to Searsport, where her father died.

Mrs. Farrar was converted and united with the church in 1872, and became a regular attendant and an earnest worker. In 1877 she was married to Wilfred M. Cobb, of Searsport, with whom she lived happily some four years, when consumption fastened upon him, and God called him home. In 1886 she married John W. Farrar, of Searsport, who, with their four small children, has the sympathy of the community in this sad bereavement.

Mrs. Farrar was not strong, and did not recover from a cold taken last fall, consumption finally causing her death. She was ready to go, her only anxiety being her children, the youngest not yet two years old; but the triumphs of faith were here even in this, and she peacefully "fell on sleep" early Sunday morning.

Beside her husband and children, a mother, two sisters and a brother mourn her departure, together with the church and community where she lived. May she rest in peace and the rewards of the faithful be hers!

W. C. B.

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ARTHUR DECHMAN.

## Educational.

## Drew Theological Seminary.

Within One Hour of New York.

Tuition and Furnished Rooms free. Lectures on Special Topics every term. Particular attention given to Sacred Oratory. Fall term begins third Thursday in September. For information address the President.

HENRY A. PUTT.

Madison, N. J.

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Geo. L. PLIMPTON, President.

Tilton, N. H.

## Educational.

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THE DATES following the name of each subscriber indicate the year and month to which it is paid.

## Review of the Week.

Tuesday, September 1.

— Opening of the annual meeting of the American Social Science Association at Saratoga.

— Rain prevents Li Hung Chang from visiting West Point.

— Horrible massacres, in which between three and four thousand Armenians lose their lives, follow the attack on the Ottoman Bank made last week by the Armenian Revolutionary Committee.

— The Red Lion Inn at Stockbridge, the famous Berkshire summer resort, burned.

— St. Paul, Minn., welcomes the 30th annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republics.

— The King's County (N. Y.) Elevated Railroad placed in the hands of a receiver.

— Prof. Edward Cole, an aeronaut of Toledo, O., drowned in Maumee Bay, the balloon falling three miles from shore.

Wednesday, September 2.

— Republican victory in Vermont. Josiah Grout elected Governor with 39,000 plurality.

— Secretary Hoke Smith takes formal leave of the employees of the Interior Department.

— A net increase in the public debt during August of \$12,342,683.87.

— Four white men and eight Chinamen blown to atoms by an explosion in the drying house of the California Powder Co. near San Francisco, Cal.

— A British fleet of twenty-two ships sails for the Asia Minor coast. Conclusive evidence given that the Moslem mob which massacred the Armenians was organized with the connivance of officials.

— Opening of the Toronto Industrial Fair.

— Li Hung Chang receives a delegation representing various American Missionary Societies. Later he visits Chinatown, his arrival being heralded by a display of fireworks.

— The Chinese begin shipping coal to the Pacific Coast. Prices greatly below cost of domestic article.

— Death of Henry Brest, through whom the French became possessed of the priceless Venus de Milo.

Thursday, September 3.

— The Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and wife, of England, arrive in this country on a visit to Mrs. Chamberlain's parents at Danvers.

— A great earthquake reported in Japan; the town of Rokugo destroyed.

— Grand Army parade in St. Paul, Minn.; 40,000 veterans in line.

— The Furness line steamer "Damara" reports passing an immense iceberg three hundred feet high near the Banks.

— Death, at Cambridge, of Rev. Lucius R. Paige, D. D., the historian of Cambridge.

— The filibustering steamer "Laurada" aground at Port Antonio.

— Li Hung Chang condemns the Geary act before a party of New York newspaper men.

Friday, September 4.

— Gen. John M. Palmer, of Illinois, nominated for President, and Gen. Simon B. Buckner, of Kentucky, for Vice President, by the Sound Money Democrats in convention at Indianapolis.

— Opening session of the 30th national encampment, G. A. R., in the Auditorium, St. Paul, Minn.

— Federico Errazuriz elected president of Chile.

— Li Hung Chang arrives in Philadelphia.

— Reunion of descendants of Roger Williams at Providence, R. I.

— The Bridgeport steamer "Rosedale" run into by a Brooklyn ferryboat, and sinks instantly. The 150 passengers were picked up by boats.

— Escape from Isle Du Grand Salut of the French traitor, Capt. Albert Dreyfus, formerly of the French army.

— Severe earthquakes in Iceland reported.

— Death of Prof. L. N. Fowler, the eminent physiologist, lecturer and writer, at Orange, N. J.

— Ex-Gov. Francis of Missouri takes the oath of office as Secretary of the Interior.

Saturday, September 5.

— Major T. S. Clarkson of Nebraska elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.

— Floods in China wreck over 150,000 houses and drown 245 persons.

— Patrick Aloysius McHugh, M. P., elected vice-chairman of the Irish National League of Great Britain.

— Four million dollars in gold brought to New York by transatlantic steamers.

— Arrival in Washington of Li Hung Chang and his suite.

— Will of Kate Field found and filed for probate.

— Death of Capt. James W. Dolliver, the oldest Boston pilot.

— Cuban insurgents capture a Spanish convoy; 300 men killed, wounded, or imprisoned; train load of munitions also taken by them.

— The Emperor of Germany unveils a statue of his grandfather, William I., at Breslau.

— Crete accepts the Sultan's plans.

— The J. B. Watkins Land and Mortgage Company of Lawrence, Kan., in the hands of a receiver.

Monday, September 7.

— Unusually heavy rainfall in this city yesterday, accompanied by continuous thunder and lightning.

— Labor Day observed with the usual parade.

— Eleven firemen killed by a falling wall at Benton Harbor, Mich.

— Li Hung Chang greatly impressed with Niagara Falls.

— Death of Dr. George B. Goode of Smithsonian Institution.

— Six hotels swept away by fire at South Beach, S. I.

— Queen Victoria warns the Sultan against any further massacres in Turkey.

## THE MINISTER IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

## Treatment by the Secular Press.

THE symposium upon the above subject, published in last week's issue, has received very general and appreciative attention from the public press.

The Transcript of this city reprinted more than two columns of the opinions in its edition of Sept. 2.

The Advertiser of this city, in the issue of Sept. 3, contains a lengthy and discriminative editorial upon the same, in which it says:

"The fact that certain well-known clergymen have already been quoted on one side or the other with reference to the silver question (Bishop Newman, and a well-known sensational preacher of the acrobatic class afford instances in point) is well known. The very fact has evoked some discussion as to the right of a clergymen to take part in political affairs during a campaign. This discussion has given pertinent interest to a symposium in the ZION'S HERALD. . . . Different men have different views regarding the same question, just as they had thirty-five years ago when another great danger threatened this nation. It seems fair and reasonable to say that if the class of men who preached for the Union during the awful days of the civil war are confronted today by a moral and political problem of almost equal importance, they have the same right and perhaps the same duty to preach today for what they believe means the preservation of the national honor. The minister who approaches this question merely as a partisan has indeed no right to speak, but the minister who as a patriot sees his country asked to violate the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,' can at least denounce theft, whether it be advocated by a man or a party."

The Boston Journal in its editorial says:

"The issues in the present campaign are quite as much moral as they are political. That they are not in the usual sense of the word partisan is apparent from the fact that they have broken down party lines and changed the meaning of old party names. They touch principles of fair dealing, of honor and of honesty which rest back upon the law of Sinai and are wrought into the warp and woof of the Gospel. . . . If a large number of people in the community are bent upon doing something which is essentially wrong and dishonest, not because they mean it so, but because they do not believe that it is wrong or dishonest, the duty of the pulpit to speak the truth cannot be waived, but the truth must be spoken with special considerateness."

The Springfield Republican remarks:

"A symposium of opinions in respect to the duty of the minister of the gospel of Christ in 'the present unusual Presidential campaign' is published by ZION'S HERALD. Ministers, politicians and a statesman or two have responded to the query of the editor. The result is simply to leave it on the preacher's own conscience, of course. . . . For the most part, the participants in this symposium are shocked at the free deliveries of the Democratic platform, and are no more than shocked — they do not recognize if they discern the movement which inspires them, and many call it by the worst names in the category of dishonesty. . . . One would say, on the whole, that unless the moral impulse compels the preacher to sound deeper than the interests of parties, so that he cannot resist even the risk of his livelihood in behalf of the underlying causes of humanity, he would best accept the advice of President Harris of the Maine State College (which is in accord with Bishop Huntington's) — express his personal opinion with freedom, but in preaching take no side."

The Lawrence Daily Eagle closes a critical editorial with these words:

"The clergymen must use judgment and discretion. He has as much right to his views as anybody else, and he may go among men and inculcate these views, but his position as pastor of a church and spiritual leader of his people

puts him in a place where circumspection and discretion are necessary. In this campaign men are just as honest on one side as the other. One side may be wrong, but it does not think so, and, besides, which is it? The pastor who is going to be of the greatest service to his people can hardly antagonize any considerable number of them with safety. Muzzled, then? Not at all, but he simply avoids giving offence, and perhaps thinks that the community will get as much of that kind of discussion as it needs elsewhere, and looks to him for a welcome relief from the controversies of the world and everyday life."

The Lawrence American says:

"All agree that the issue this year presents a moral phase which should command the attention and the decision of every clergymen. . . . Differences of opinion among the members will crop out as surely as differences among other citizens. They will agree as to general moral principles, but will differ in making their applications. They have a particularly hard question to meet, and to it no general answer can be given. By silence in the pulpit they may accomplish more for morality than by eloquent denunciation of specific political propositions. On the other hand, we see no reason why a member of a church should take offence at a clergymen who uses his pulpit to preach what he thinks is righteousness, even if it conflicts with the member's views."

The New York Tribune observes:

"ZION'S HERALD this week publishes a symposium on the part which ministers should take in the present unusual Presidential campaign. Eminent clergymen and laymen of different denominations give their opinions, and generally they agree that, however carefully a minister should avoid partisan politics, he should also be firm in fighting individual and public dishonesty, and many frankly declare that free silver is to be fought on those grounds."

The Laconia (N. H.) Democrat says:

"ZION'S HERALD in its issue of this week occupies two pages in a symposium in answer to the question, 'What part shall the minister of the Gospel take in the present unusual Presidential campaign?' Answers are given from 24 clergymen, college presidents, governors, senators and prominent men in different parts of the country. A hasty perusal of what these gentlemen have to say adds to the conviction we have often expressed that in the long run it is safer for the pulpit to avoid political discussions. There is a pretty clear intimation that while clergymen have rights and duties in common with all citizens, pretty much all their political duty lies outside of the pulpit. The symposium is very timely, and can hardly fail of doing good."

The Cape Ann Evening Breeze of Gloucester says:

"Crystallized, the sentiment expressed favors strongly of advice to the brethren of the cloth to preach honesty of purpose for the people without fear or favor. If they do this, they must needs, each for himself, look carefully into the issues and decide between right and wrong. If it be right and honest to turn to the idol of silver and debase the currency of a great country, then the minister who so believes must preach the truth as he understands it; but if, on the contrary, he sees that in the success of any party the integrity of the government is to be put in peril, he should raise both hand and voice as a warning to those who stand not in the broad light in which he himself is.

"We agree with many of the opinions expressed that the minister who does his whole duty to his people will tell them the truth at a time when the truth should be told."

The Waterville (Me.) Evening Mail says:

"The list of those who state their opinions embraces the names of noted statesmen, educators and religious teachers. A large majority of the writers declare that at a crisis like the present it is the duty of clergymen to lead off in the movement, as one puts it, 'to save the nation from repudiation, dishonor and anarchy.' A few believe that only in a general way should the clergymen refer to political subjects."

The Kennebec (Me.) Journal remarks:

"The consensus of opinion is that this is not only an unusual campaign, but that it is one which, if it be properly disposed of, must be intelligently considered and from a high moral standpoint. The symposium will be found helpful, we think, both by pastors and by their people, who are likely to criticize them, whatever may be their attitude. It is very obvious that much must be left to the discretion of the minister, and that if he does attempt to deal with the politics of the question in other than a somewhat general way touching upon questions of national and individual morality involved, it behoves him to first study the question thoroughly. Otherwise he is likely to strengthen the convictions of those opposed to his views. It is noticeable that nearly all the clergymen who have spoken concerning the crisis have pointed out the dishonesty of repudiation. We do not see how they can well do less."

The Salem Daily Gazette says:

"There are twenty-three contributors, clergymen and laymen, the list embracing many distinguished names. Twelve out of the twenty-three favor an outspoken part by the ministry in the campaign; while the other eleven deprecate it more or less strongly. For our own part, we believe the discussion of party politics in the pulpit to be out of character with its real mission; and that even in this confessedly grave campaign the bringing of these questions, albeit in their broadest form, to the sacred desk is sure to be provocative of heart-burnings, dissensions, and permanent estrangements among those who otherwise might remain brethren in the maintenance of a high spiritual ideal. Let the minister of the Gospel by all means assert his prerogative as a citizen in this and all other crises that come to our beloved country. We need his steady hand, his warm heart, his clear brain, and his earnest, honest purpose. But let us keep the sanctuary of God absolutely free from the spirit of material contention which direct participation in politics is sure to breed."

On account of limitation of space, we are able to present only a small portion of the interesting and instructive comments of the public press. Thanks are due, and are most heartily expressed, for the generous and critical consideration which has been given to the symposium.

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## Ian MacLaren — An Intelligent Protest.

Rev. W. J. Heath.

I cannot agree with those brethren who so severely criticize Ian MacLaren. If his book, "The Mind of the Master," was meant to be a declaration of his faith, it ought to be considered exceedingly defective; but I do not so understand it. The book is a collection of sermons on various topics, and does not profess to cover the whole field of theology. It is fair to take issue with him concerning what he has said, it is surely unfair to criticize what he has not said. Ian MacLaren may be an arch-heretic, it certainly cannot be proved from the sermons in the book referred to. I regard his sermon on "Judgment According to Type" as one of the mightiest sermons in the English language, comparing well with Phillips Brooks' great sermon on "The Dead Small and Great Standing before God." It struck me that very like if Ian MacLaren had selected some old-fashioned titles for those sermons, they would have passed muster without any question. My faith in the great fundamental truths of Christianity has certainly not been undermined by a careful reading of "The Mind of the Master."

Somerville, Mass.

## An Old German Fad.

The severe simplicity of the German Renaissance is coming to the front in much of our furniture in this year 1896. The cabinet work of this period suggests days of stirring deeds. There is nothing frivolous or effeminate in its rigid lines and stern angles. Some of our readers may be interested to see some of this old German furniture, and for their benefit we here call their attention to the unusually good exhibition of it at the warerooms of the Paine Furniture Company on Canal Street.

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